

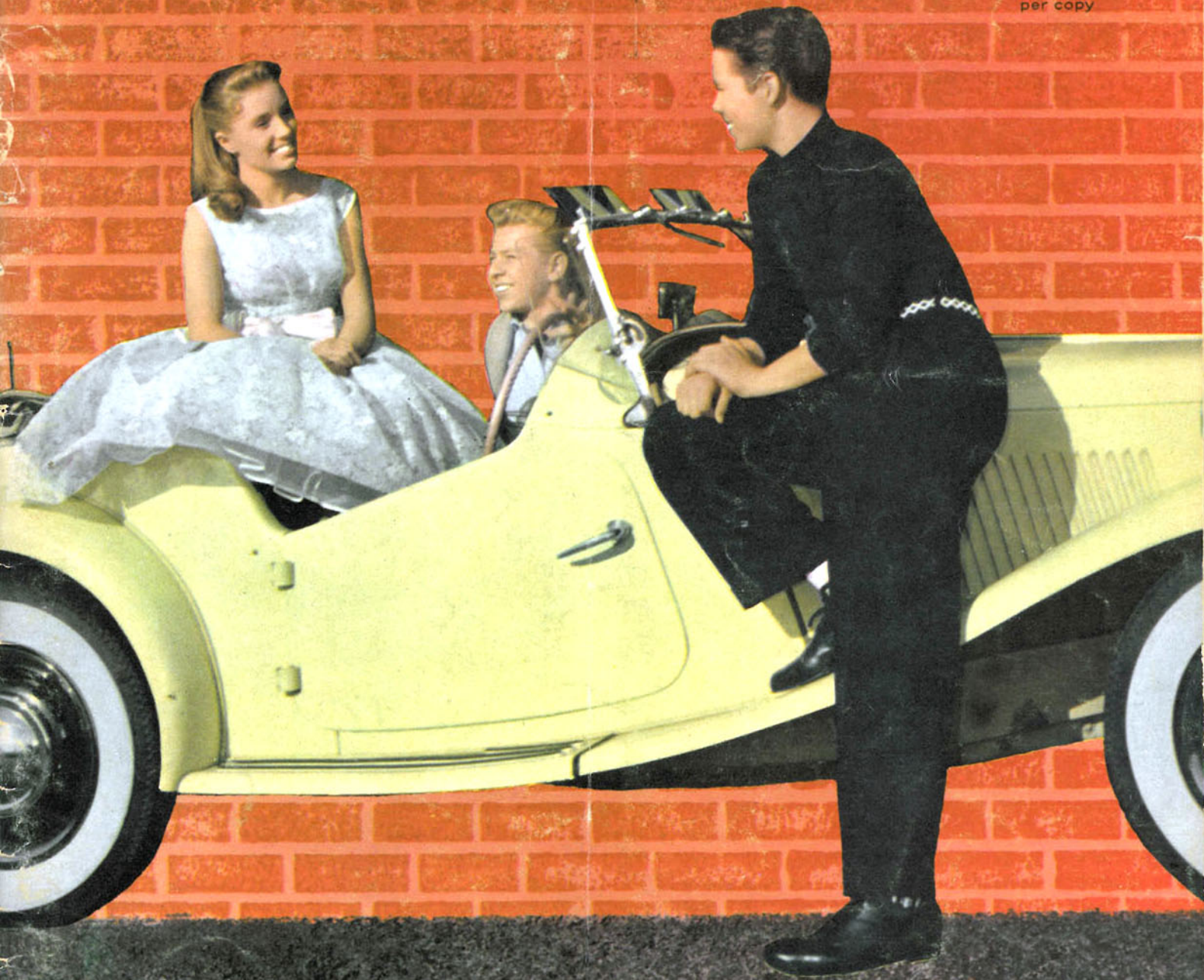
WALT DISNEY'S

MAGAZINE

formerly Walt Disney's
Mickey Mouse Club Magazine

VOLUME II NO. 5

50¢
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for special MICKEY MOUSE CLUB section, see page 28.



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WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE is published six times a year by Western Printing and Lithographing Company, North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York. Printed in U.S.A. Second class mail privileges authorized at Poughkeepsie, New York under Act of March 3, 1879 as amended August 1957, Volume II, No. 5 © 1957 by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Subscription price \$2.50 for 6 issues, \$2.75 in Canada.

Editorial offices: Walt Disney Productions, 2400 West Alameda Avenue, Burbank, California. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials.

Subscription orders:

To subscribe, print name and address clearly and send with \$2.50 to WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE, Box 400, New York 46, N.Y.

Changes of address: Please report any change to Walt Disney's Magazine, North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York and to your local Post Office. In reporting a change of address, please report your old address (exactly as it appears on the magazine wrapper), and your new address, giving Post Office zone number if any.

VOLUME II

NUMBER 5

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Darlene Gillespie, Lonnie Burr and Bobby Burgess of TV fame are the subject of this month's cover photo taken by Don English. For an interesting story on Darlene, turn to page 34 of this issue.

Photographs which illustrate the story, CREATING A TRUE-LIFE FANTASY, beginning on page 4, are the work of Joel Colman, Roy E. Disney, Warren Garst, N. Paul Kenworthy, Walter B. Perkins, James R. Simon and Hugh A. Wilmar. Color photographs for ARCTIC WILDERNESS, appearing on pages 40 and 41, are by Jack Couffer, Herb Crisler and James R. Simon.

creating a true-life fantasy



Sometimes the raccoon dropped in for breakfast at the camp.

How the Disney naturalist-photographers filmed the story of PERRI, the squirrel by Winston Hibler

Far away, in a secret mountain highland, there is a tiny corner of Nature's vast and beautiful kingdom called Wildwood Heart. This is the home of the pine-squirrels. More particularly it is home to Perri, a girl-squirrel, and Porro, a boy-squirrel, who are the leading characters in a new motion picture based on the story, *Perri*, written by Felix Salten, the same man who wrote *Bambi*.

To make Salten's colorful, fascinating book into a film, Disney naturalist-photographers recorded the complete life cycles of many animals. They accomplished this by camping out for three years in the beautiful Uintah Mountains of Utah.

The movie of Perri's life is referred to as a True-Life Fantasy . . . "True-Life" from the True-Life Adventure series, and "fantasy" because music, song, and artistic effects play an all-important part in this wilderness operetta. And one even gets a peek into the strange fantasy world of a squirrel's dream! Nonetheless *Perri* is basically a true story of real live animals who have many stirring adventures.

Of course, there are many other animals in Wildwood Heart, too: the wildcat, the raccoon, beaver, porcupine, deer, birds . . . and all play important parts in Perri's life story. The small but deadly marten is the swift and silent killer of Wildwood Heart. Perri has many narrow escapes from the marten, her mortal and most feared enemy.

Of course all these dramatic scenes and situations

had to be caught by the cameras of the naturalist-photographers. And this was no easy job. But these were the same men who filmed *The Living Desert* and *The Vanishing Prairie* and other True-Life Adventures. And these men had long since learned that if they were careful, calm, and quiet the animals would come to trust them and be their friends. In fact the animals became so very friendly that, quite often, raccoons and squirrels and deer would drop by for a bite of breakfast with the photographers at their camp!

Each morning after breakfast the naturalist-photographers would set out for Wildwood Heart. And here they would often work far into the night, using special lenses and film and lights to photograph the nocturnal animals, such as the owl and the flying squirrel. One night they happened upon a very dramatic scene when Porro narrowly escaped the clutches of the great horned owl. As if this close call wasn't enough, Porro chose to hide in an aspen tree that a beaver, at that very moment, was cutting down. The beaver felled the tree, Porro and all. And the tree almost felled two eavesdropping photographers!



The busy beaver and a lazy Porro seem to look on as the Disney cameras catch the courtship of two squirrels.



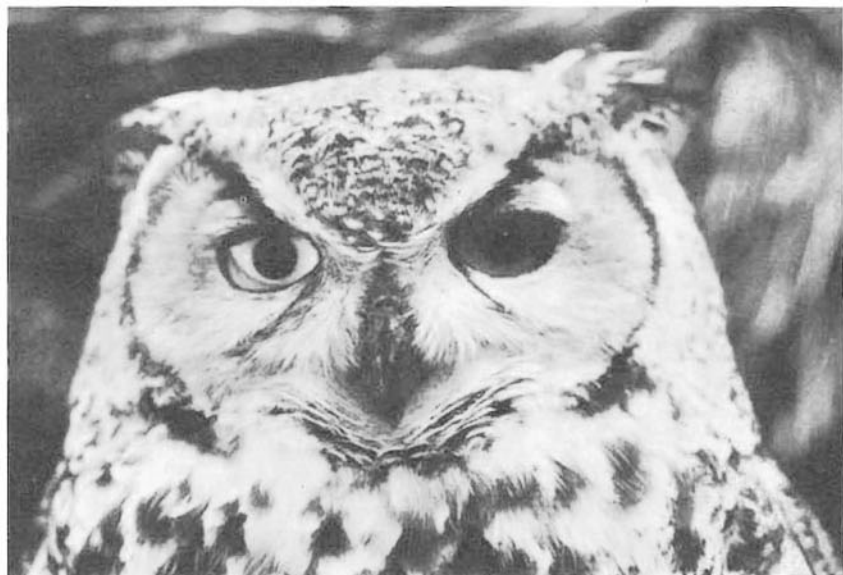
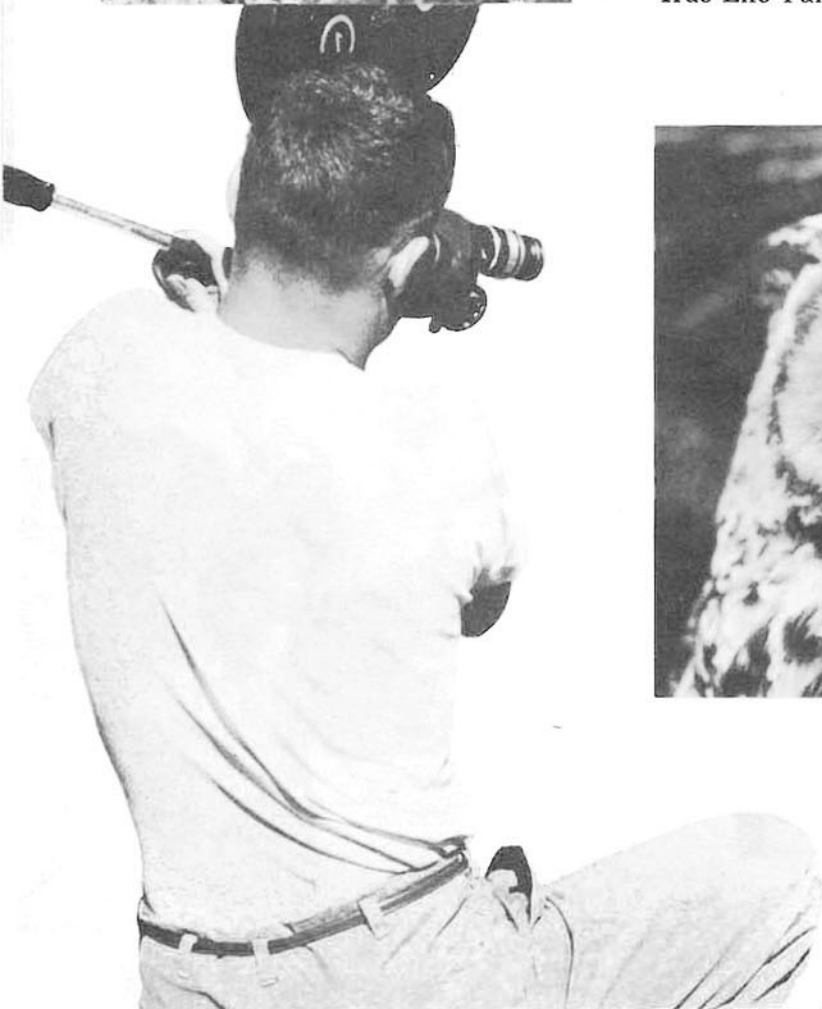


all through Wildwood Heart... in the trees... along the banks of the brook... and down by the beaver pond, the men constructed special camera "blinds" of burlap and canvas, covered with branches of trees. Thus they could see without being seen. And as the cameras peered into the private lives of Perri and Porro and all the rest, the animals were never frightened or disturbed. Instead, unaware, or at least unconcerned by the photographers, they went calmly about their normal daily way of living.

And yet in Wildwood Heart life is never really "calm." For in Nature's plan for the survival of all, it's strange but true that death also plays an important part. One should not be sad about this. Some animals must always be food for others. And each spring Nature replenishes all her species with a lavish hand.

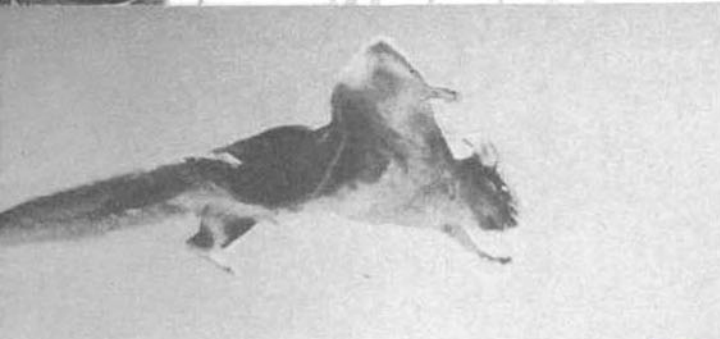
To help them in their difficult task, the photographers had special equipment; gunstock cameras to follow birds in flight, and flying squirrels; and they had powerful telescopic lenses that brought a wildcat so close you could count his whiskers!

But above all, these men had patience, experience, and skill. And these were the qualities that served them best as they filmed, in the mountains of Utah, the first True-Life Fantasy... the story of Perri.



The great horned owl is a fly-by-night that preys on Perri and Porro.

*On the camera, a telescopic lens is used
for animal "close-ups."*



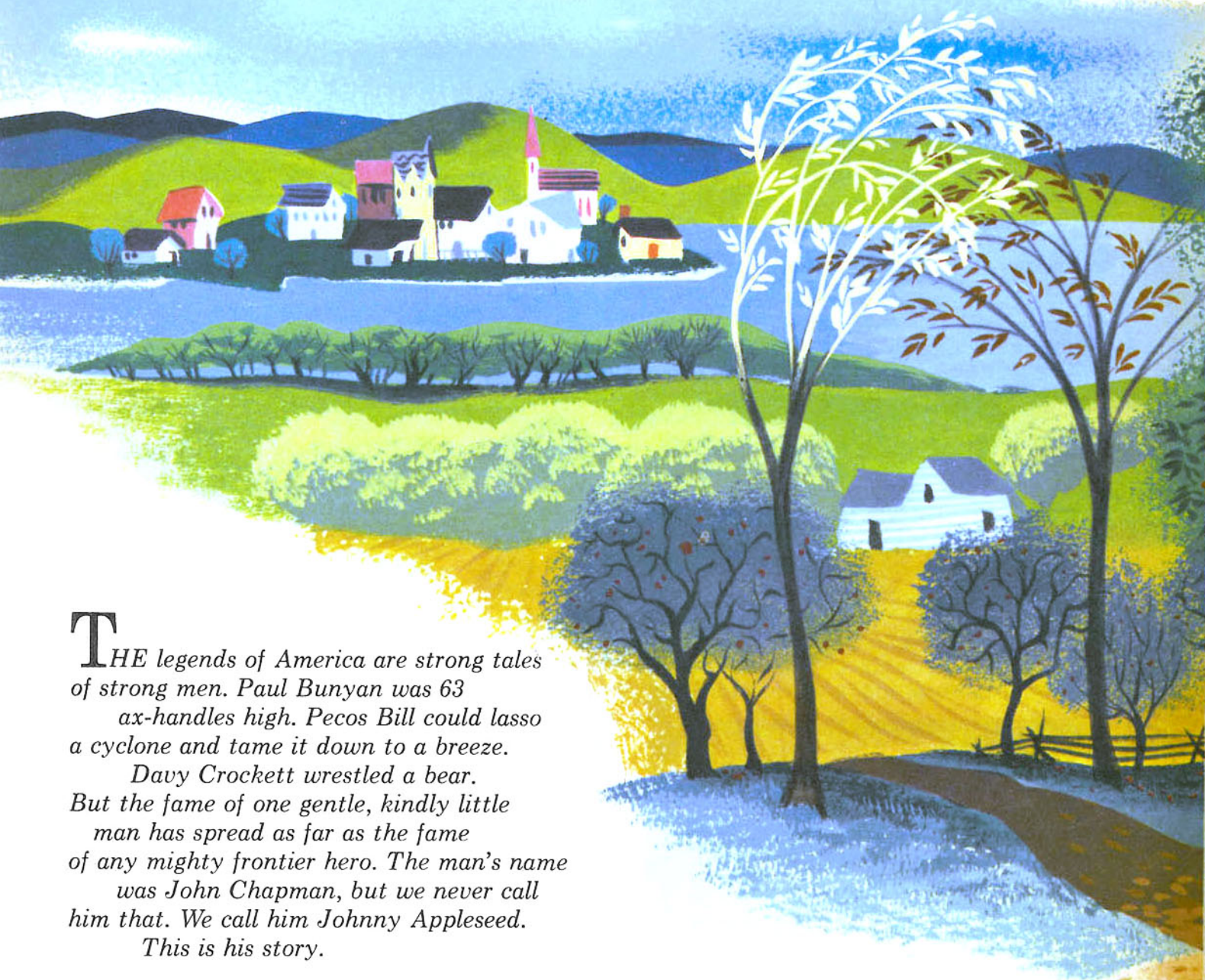
*A special "gunstock camera" photographs
the graceful glide of the flying squirrel.*



*The marten is a swift
and deadly killer.*



JOHNNY APPLESEED



THE legends of America are strong tales
of strong men. Paul Bunyan was 63
ax-handles high. Pecos Bill could lasso
a cyclone and tame it down to a breeze.
Davy Crockett wrestled a bear.
But the fame of one gentle, kindly little
man has spread as far as the fame
of any mighty frontier hero. The man's name
was John Chapman, but we never call
him that. We call him Johnny Appleseed.
This is his story.

Young Johnny lived in Pittsburgh town
In eighteen-six, or there aroun'
Plantin' and tendin' his apple trees
In the mornin' sun and the evenin'
breeze.
Peaceful he was, carefree and gay,
Workin' and singin' the livelong day.
Then sudden there came the strange,
loud beat
Of restless men with restless feet.
"Git on the wagons west, come on,"
They said. "There's lots of room
beyond.
In vast, wild land a man can roam,
Or put down roots and make a home."

Said John, "I'd love to go out west,
But I haven't the muscle or breadth
of chest.
Out there it's the strongest men survive,
And I'm the puniest feller alive."
John's angel spoke then, stern of voice:
"Go on out west, if that's your choice."
"Shucks, sir," said Johnny timidly,
"All I know is apple trees!"
"Well apples really take the cake
Just think of all the things they make,"
The angel said, "And all you need
Is faith and courage and lots of seed.
So pack your stuff and get a'goin'.
Get them apple trees to growin'."

That's how young Johnny, all alone,
Set out to face the great unknown.
Without a knife, without a gun,
He walked on toward the setting sun.
He walked, until at last he found
A little spot of open ground
With fertile soil and warmsome breeze—
A likely place for apple trees.
The wild beasts came from everywhere
To watch young Johnny diggin' there.
But if he saw, he took no heed.
He just got busy plantin' seed.
Them varmints, they just didn't know
If he was friend, if he was foe,
Until they saw that he had come
Without a knife, without a gun.
And so it was from that time on
Each creature was a friend to John.
And he went on for years and years
Plantin' trees for the pioneers.
And plantin' faith and courage, too,
To hearten folks with a job to do.
And as John went, this little man,
He threw a shadow on the land
Across a thousand-mile frontier,
And in that shadow everywhere
You'll find he left his blessings three —
Love and faith and the apple tree.

painting by AL DEMPSTER





ROAD ENGINES AND RAILS...Part IV

The Transcontinental Railroad by Bill Peet

When a plan for a transcontinental railroad was first proposed to Congress in the year 1840, it was completely condemned by the opposition. The men who condemned it claimed there was no purpose whatever in building a railroad to unite the east with the west. They argued that the west coast was worthless—nothing but a desolate region of wasteland, desert, and barren mountains overrun with savages and wild beasts. As far as they could see, building a transcontinental railroad was just about as practical as building a railroad to the moon.

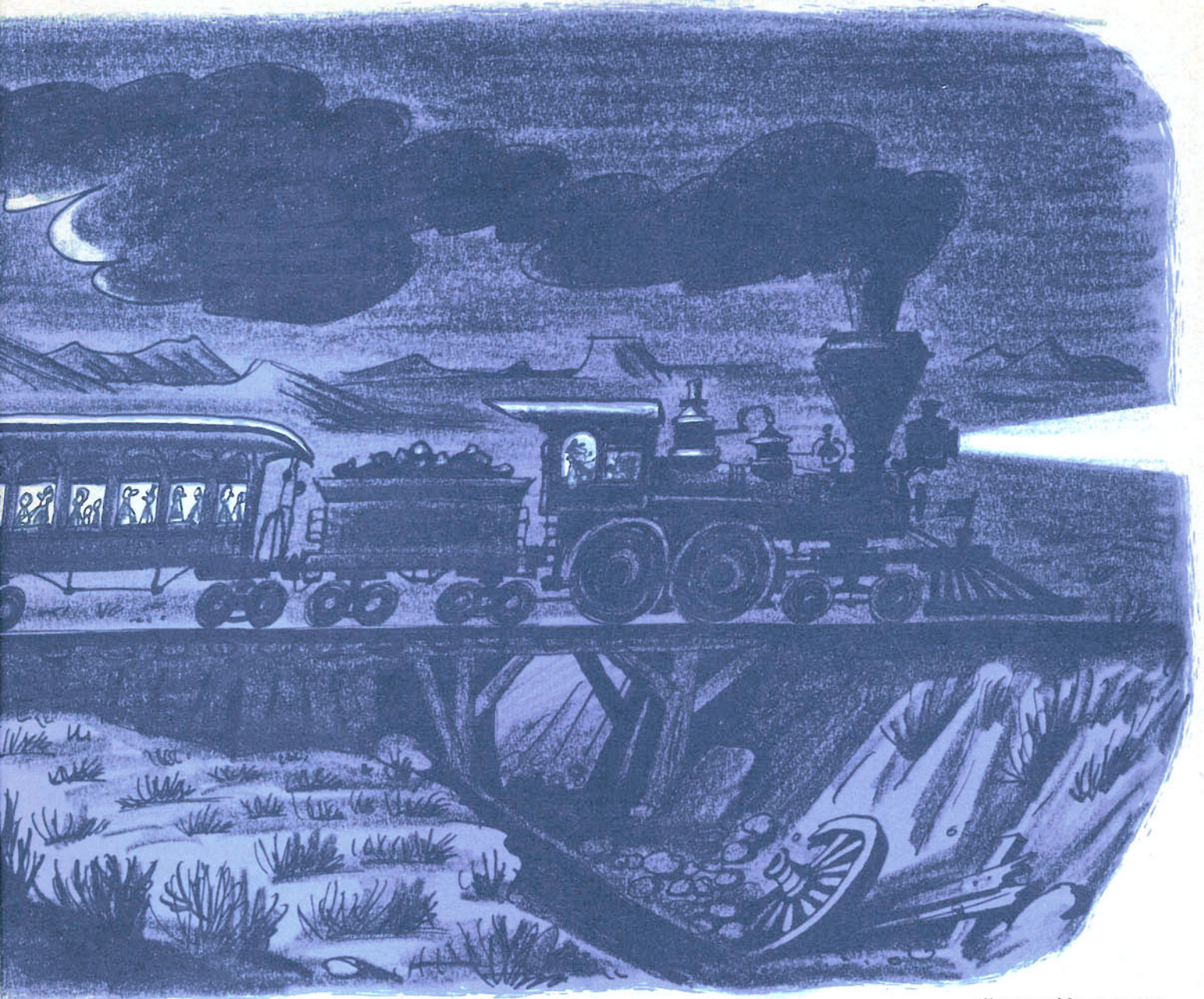
Then, in less than ten years time, the situation changed. In 1849 gold was discovered in California and thousands of families started out to

seek their fortunes in the west.

In those days, the westward journey was usually made by stage coach, covered wagon or clipper ship. The stage coach was the faster way, but the fares were high, so most emigrants made the trek by covered wagon. This meant four or five months of hard traveling over dangerous country. Wagon trains had to be constantly on guard against Indian attacks. Some wagons bogged down in swamps and quicksand; others were swept away while crossing swift rivers. On the vast stretch of sun-baked prairie, many pioneers perished for lack of water. And if a wagon train survived all these ordeals, there was still the race to get over the mountains

before snow fell to block the way through the high passes.

It took even longer to go by clipper ship than by wagon train, and the trip could be equally hazardous. The voyage from New York on down the coast of South America, around Cape Horn and up the Pacific to San Francisco lasted seven or eight months. Sometimes the big sailing ships were becalmed, and waited for weeks for a breeze to carry them on. Then came more weeks of precarious sailing through ice-jammed seas below the Cape. The greatest threat to the clipper ships were the violent storms which whipped the seas into foaming fury. Sails were often ripped to shreds, masts were splintered, and many



illustrated by BILL PEET

lives were lost when ships were swept against rocky coasts and battered to pieces by wind and sea.

Here indeed was a strong case for the transcontinental railroad. A train could go from New York to San Francisco at an average speed of 50 miles an hour—a journey of only ten or eleven days. Passengers could eat and sleep while traveling in comparative safety. Now even the most bitter enemies of the railroad had to admit that it was the answer to the transportation problem. There were set-backs and delays, but at last, in 1865, construction of the transcontinental railroad was begun.

The first rails of the Union Pacific were laid July 10, 1865 at Omaha,

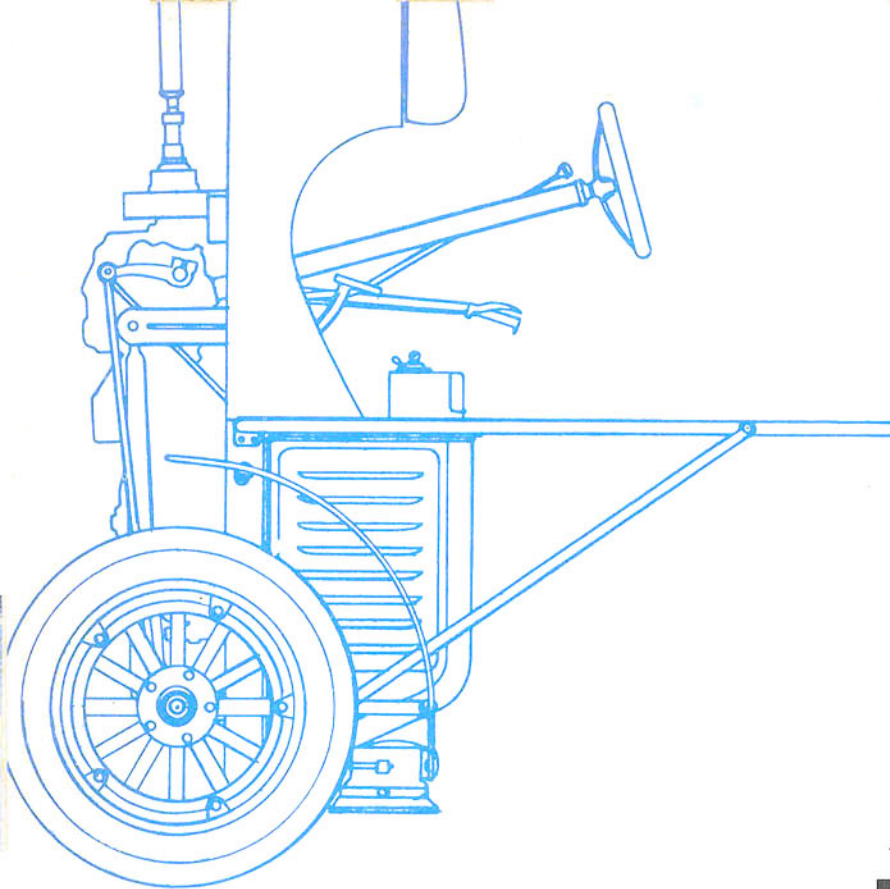
Nebraska, and the twin ribbons of steel crawled westward from there.

Construction of the Central Pacific Railroad from the west had already started more than a year before at Sacramento, California, and the construction crews were moving eastward through the Sierra Nevada range. Building a railroad through those rugged mountains was an almost impossible job. Road beds had to be carved from sheer granite cliffs with pickaxes. Tunnels were dynamited through thousands of feet of solid rock. Giant trestles were constructed over deep canyons and river gorges. And to protect the trains from drifting snow, 40 miles of snow sheds were built in the mountain passes.

The Union Pacific had its problems, too. Very often the track layers had to drop picks and sledges and grab their rifles to turn back an Indian attack. Gamblers and rough-necks followed the section gangs, stirring up quarrels which sometimes ended in violence and bloodshed.

Despite these obstacles, the two railroads pushed steadily onward. Finally, on May 10, 1869, at Promontory, Utah, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met and were joined with great ceremony.

There was wild celebration that day. Thousands gathered to watch the last two spikes driven into the last tie. They were spikes of gold—and they were pounded into the tie with a silver sledge hammer!



Brand-New Old Automobiles **UNIQUE ANTIQUES**

Those delightful, brightly-painted antique autos, trucks and buses one sees at Disneyland have a special charm for everyone. It is fun to see them, but even more fun to climb aboard and putt-putt down Main Street toward Sleeping Beauty Castle. Building them was fun, too.

First, two autos of the period around 1904, with two-cylinder low speed engines, were constructed. All parts were similar to those used in the cars of those early years, but they actually were brand-new stock parts. The resulting vehicles were antiques but they were of no particular make of car, and being completely new they were unique. A Carnation delivery truck, in the style of 1910, was also built. Then came a double-decked omnibus patterned after French and English buses of 1908. It was such a hit with all who rode in it that a second one was built. All of these colorful vehicles, designed and constructed by Robert Gurr and a group of experts, are referred to as Gurrmobiles.



Above: First of the Disneyland fleet of vehicles was this passenger car patterned after a 1903 model. Left center: Except for Ford Model T wheels on a Model A chassis, this truck is of 1910 design. Left: Modern steel construction went into this 1908 omnibus based on French and English models. Opposite: A 1904 auto at Sleeping Beauty Castle.



“Plant Potatoes in the dark of the moon,” the old farmers used to counsel, “but wait for the full moon to plant corn.”

“The new moon is the time to begin things,” the old wives would say, long years ago, when they gathered in chimney corners to knit and gossip. “It’s a good time to get married, or to build a house and move into it. And everyone knows that a secret wish made on a new moon will surely come true. But...” and here the women would lower their voices and glance nervously over their shoulders, “never look at a new moon through a window. You’ll have bad fortune if you do!”

And so the old tales went—passed from person to person, from one generation to another. No one knows how they started, or how they grew and spread and came to be accepted as truth. Perhaps some of them began in the ancient days when primitive peoples believed the moon was some sort of god who took a more than casual interest in the affairs of mortals. Perhaps they started during the Dark Ages. People then didn’t know *what* the moon was, so they may have made up stories to explain it. And once that kind of tale-bearing gets started, it’s just about impossible to tell where it will stop.

The drawings on these pages show a few of the most popular, long-lasting moon myths. You may smile at them today. But smile gently, for thousands of people have believed in them.



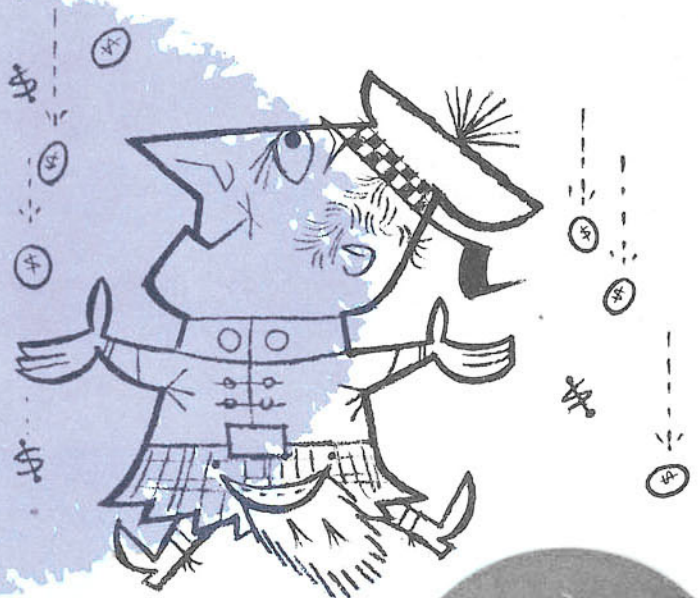
“The moon is made of green cheese,” said an anonymous sage, and for years many people believed this.



Have you ever wondered what happens to all the things that get lost and are never found again? They’re all on the moon, and of course, it’s useless even to look for them.



*If you cut your hair under a new moon it will grow back too fast.
Better to wait for a full moon.*



Expose your money to the dark of the moon and it will grow and increase as the moon becomes full.



*A rabbit's foot is good luck—
if you get it in a graveyard
during the dark of the moon.*



Further adventures of the Hardy Boys:

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF

by Franklin W. Dixon

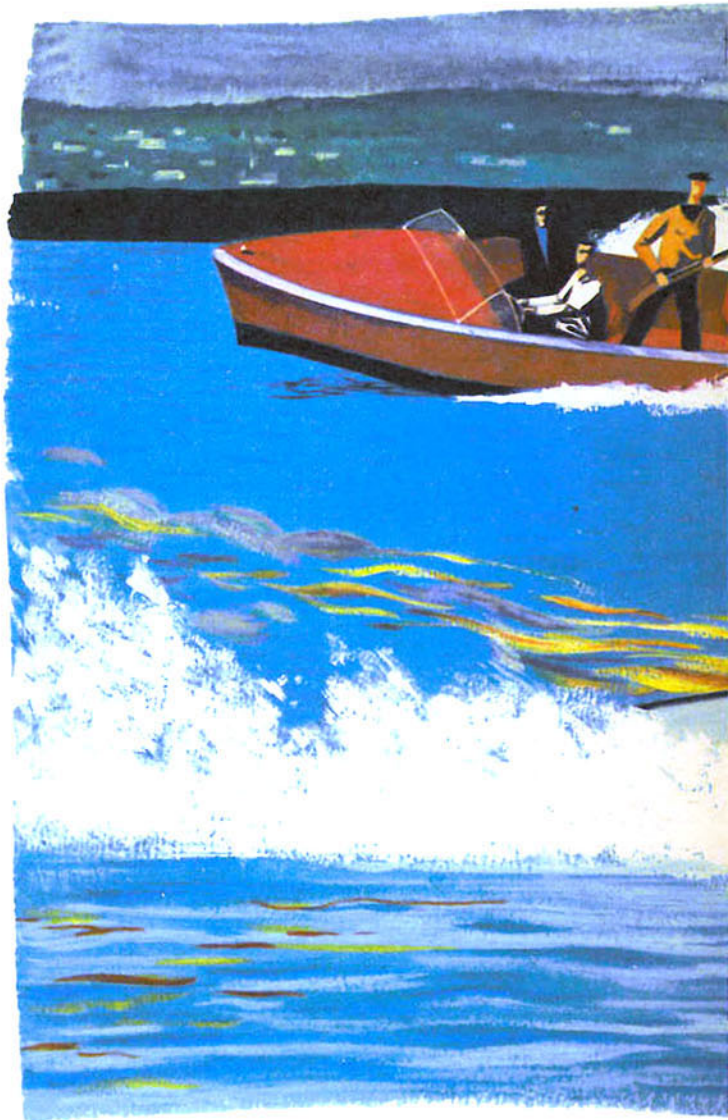
adapted from the book of the same name

Tens of millions of Hardy Boys books have been bought and read to date by boys and girls—yet the demand is greater year by year as each new title comes out. The famous adventures of Frank and Joe Hardy have now been adapted for television and their audience grows with each performance. In this condensation of one of their exciting mysteries the editors of Walt Disney's Magazine have tried to bring you the full flavor of the original story, as the Hardy Boys capture a gang of smugglers in a cleverly disguised hangout. If you enjoy this brief version, you will want to read not only the whole original book, but all the rest of the Hardy Boys books which are published by Grosset & Dunlap.

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illustrated by HARRY O. BEAVERS



The old Polucca place was haunted. Everyone said so, and no wonder. Old Polucca had been a strange man—suspicious, miserly, a hermit. He had lived alone in the big house on the cliff, except for two huge dogs. Certainly he hadn't welcomed visitors, and people said he only kept the dogs to frighten away strangers. And then one day the old man had been found murdered. No one ever found who had killed him, or why, but no one ever found the money he was supposed to have hoarded away, either. It was rumored that Polucca had a nephew, but the good people of Bayport never knew for sure. Certainly the nephew never showed up to claim the estate.

So the house on the cliff stood empty, its windows staring blankly at the waters of Barmet Bay, the weeds growing tall in the lane that led from the Shore Road up to the door of the house. When queer noises were heard there at night, or strange lights were seen flickering from window to window, the stories that the old man had come back to search for his lost wealth began to circulate in the town.

Frank and Joe Hardy had heard the rumors about the old house. And they were interested in them. They could recall vividly the time, nearly two years before, when old Polucca had been killed. Chief Collig had come to their house often, then, to discuss the murder with their father, Fenton Hardy. Mr. Hardy was a famous detective, and



the two boys hoped one day to follow in his footsteps.

* * *

One bright Saturday morning, early in June, the Hardy boys set out with their friends Chet Morton, Jerry Gilroy and Biff Hooper to ride their bicycles out along the Shore Road. Frank took the lead as the boys rode away from Bayport.

"Where do we go today?" he called back to his friends.

"You're the leader," his brother Joe replied. "We'll follow you."

"I'd rather have it settled," Frank said, pulling his bike to the side of the road and waiting until the other boys had stopped, too. "It's no fun just riding without any place to go."

"I know!" Joe said suddenly. "Let's go explore the haunted house."

"Polucca's place?" Chet Morton looked a little nervous.

"Sure. We've never been out there. Look, you can see it from here," Joe pointed. "See where the road dips, away out near the end of Barmet Bay. That big house at the top is the one."

"Sounds interesting," said Jerry. "I'm game to go there if you are."

"So am I!" declared the other boys.

"Come on!" Biff laughed. "It'll have to be a brave ghost to tackle all five of us."

The boys clambered on their bikes and started down the road toward the Polucca place. Instead of an aimless trip, their outing had now assumed all the aspects of an adventure.

When they reached it, they found the lane leading into the Polucca grounds almost indiscernable. It was overgrown with weeds and bushes, and the house itself was almost hidden from the road by trees. To add to the gloomy atmosphere of the old place, the sun gradually slipped behind a cloud and the sky became darker.

Frank glanced up. The day had been bright and clear when the boys left Bayport, but now clouds were piling up in the east. "Looks as if we'll have to go into the Polucca house whether we want to or not," he called to the others. "Unless we want to get drenched. It's going to rain."

The boys pushed their bikes carefully down the overgrown lane until they entered the grounds.

"Creepy sort of place," muttered Jerry, staring at the dank, tall grass and the unkept shrubs that crowded up against the house. A rising wind stirred the branches of the trees and banged a shutter that hung by one hinge from an upstairs window.

They left their bikes under a tree and advanced up the front steps of the ruined building. The front door was almost off its hinges, and it creaked open at Frank's touch.

Frank stepped boldly into the hallway. The inside of the house was dim and gloomy, for the rear windows were boarded up. Everything was deep in dust. In front of the boys a staircase led to the upper floor. To the left was a closed door.

"This must be the living room," ventured Joe, throwing the door open.

The room was empty. As the boys entered a rat scuttled out of the stone fireplace, raced across the floor and dis-

appeared through a hole in the wall. The sound made everyone jump.

"It's only a rat," said Frank. "There's nothing much to see here. It's just an ordinary, dirty old house. Let's explore upstairs and..."

At that moment there was a weird shriek, quavering as if with terror, which rang out from the upper part of the haunted house!

The boys stared at one another. For a moment they couldn't move, then Jerry muttered: "I'm getting out of here!" and started for the door.

"Me too!" declared Biff Hooper, and Chet Morton followed him as he rushed for the doorway.

"What's the big idea?" asked Frank, standing his ground. "Let's stay and find out what this is all about!"

Joe, seeing his brother remain where he was, made no move to follow the others, although it was plain that the strange cry had unnerved him.

"You can stay," Jerry called. "I'm not. This place is haunted, and I don't mean maybe!"

The three boys ran through the hallway and out into the front yard. Frank and Joe listened to their retreating footsteps, then Frank shrugged his shoulders. The boys were alone in the house.

"That yell came from upstairs," said Frank. He walked out into the hall and stared up into the gloom that shrouded the upper portion of the house. "We'd better go up and see..."

Just then, a second shriek echoed and re-echoed through the house!

No sooner had it died away than there came a terrific clap of thunder and rain started to beat down on the roof. A blast of wind seemed to shake the entire house.

Crash! A sharp, violent noise made the Hardy boys wheel about.

The door behind them had blown shut.

At the far end of the hall, Joe had a glimpse of plaster falling to the floor in a great heap.

"Run, Frank!" he yelled.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a ripping, crackling sound came from overhead. Just above them a large part of the ceiling, disturbed no doubt by the vibrations of their footsteps and the slamming of the door, started to give way. A wide crack showed in the plaster, quickly became wider. Then, with a terrific roar, half the hall ceiling came tumbling down upon the two boys.

Knocked off his feet by the falling debris, Frank crouched, protecting his head with upraised arms until the downfall was over. A great deal of rubbish seemed to thunder down, but it was not heavy material. When, at last, the rain of plaster and splintered lathe had ceased, Frank knew he was uninjured. He managed to get to his feet and saw Joe, also struggling up



"Watch out!" Joe yelled. With a cracking sound, the ceiling gave way.

from his knees, brushing chunks of plaster from his shoulders.

The Hardy boys could hear their three companions calling excitedly from the yard. Kicking aside the debris, the boys pulled the front door open and stumbled onto the porch.

Chet, Jerry and Biff gasped with relief at the sight of the Hardys safe and unharmed, though covered with plaster. Frank and Joe ran down the front steps into the drenching rain.

"Come on," Biff Hooper said, taking Frank's arm. "Let's get out of here. This old place is falling apart."

"But I'd like to find out what is wrong here," Frank argued.

"You go back in there again and the whole roof is likely to fall on you," Biff rejoined.

Frank saw that the others were determined to leave, so he gave in. After all, he thought, he and Joe could come back here again to investigate the mystery of the house on the cliff more thoroughly.

The ride back to Bayport was not nearly as pleasant as the ride out. The rain poured down on the boys, soaking their clothes and running into their eyes. Frank and Joe knew, too, that at the end of their ride they would have to account to their Aunt Gertrude for their ruined clothes.

And the boys were right. Their aunt met them at the door, horrified at their appearance.

"Where have you boys been?" she scolded. "Look at yourselves! Can't you even go out for a bicycle ride without getting into a mess?"

"We were out at the Polucca place," Frank answered. "When will Dad be home?"

"He'll be home tonight, and don't try to change the subject. What were you doing at the Polucca place?"

"We were investigating," said Joe

defensively. "We want to talk to Dad about it."

"Oh, I see," said Aunt Gertrude, smiling. "Another case! Well you two detectives had better get upstairs and take a shower."

"And don't throw those dirty clothes on the floor," she called after them.

That night, Fenton Hardy listened attentively as the two boys poured out the tale of their adventure at Polucca's house. When he had heard their story he smiled, then said, "I think you've had a joke played on you."

"A joke?" Frank was shocked.

"Yes," said Mr. Hardy, knocking his pipe out against the fireplace. "You went out there to look at the haunted house. Maybe someone else had the same idea and got there ahead of you. When they saw you coming they probably thought it would be very funny to scare the whole bunch of you by screaming like that. I'll bet when you get back to school on Monday you'll find out who it was. They're probably laughing right now about the way you boys scrambled out of there."

"We didn't scramble out till the ceiling fell," Joe contradicted. "It was Biff and Jerry and Chet who scrambled out."

"And about that ceiling falling..."

Mr. Hardy went on. "You know how old and run-down that house is. Old man Polucca never took care of it when he was alive, and now it's really a ruin. I wish you two boys would stay away from it. If it had been the floor that gave way instead of the ceiling you'd have been badly hurt."

"Yes, Dad," Frank admitted. "But do you really think it was just a practical joke? That yelling, I mean?"

"What else could it be?" his father replied. "Surely you don't believe it was a ghost, do you?"

"No, of course not," Frank grinned.

"We know there aren't any ghosts."

* * *

But the following Monday, when Frank and Joe returned to school, they could find no sign that any of their classmates had tricked them. They were not teased about running away. In fact, no one but Biff and Jerry and Chet seemed to know of the adventure.

The two boys pondered this as the week passed. Finally, on Friday, Frank said, "I think there really *was* something wrong out at the Polucca place. I think we should go out there tomorrow and look again."

"Want to have the ceiling fall on you again?" the practical Joe queried.

"If we go by ourselves and don't thunder around like we did last week we probably won't jar anything loose."

So it was arranged. The next morning the boys set out on their bicycles for the Polucca house. They rode rapidly along the level part of the road beside the bay, until they reached the bottom of the steep grade that led up to the cliffs—and the Polucca house. Then Frank pulled to a stop and looked up. They could see the old house from where they stood.

"It seems kind of threatening from here, doesn't it?" Frank remarked.

"It seems kind of threatening from up there, too," Joe reminded him.

Just then a sound out on the bay attracted their attention. They looked out over the water to see a powerful motorboat plunging through the waves about a quarter of a mile offshore. It was just coming into view around the base of the cliff, and as the boys watched they saw the nose of still another boat emerge into sight. Each craft was traveling at high speed. The boat in the lead was zigzagging frantically, and two men stood in the prow of the pursuing boat waving their arms. There was only one man in the foremost craft and he was bent over the wheel. In the second boat they saw a man snatch up an object that appeared to be a rifle. He aimed at the man in the leading craft. Then, across the water, they heard the sharp report.

The lone figure in the first boat dropped out of sight. Whether he had been hit or not, the boys could not tell. But the craft did not slacken speed. Nevertheless, the pursuers rapidly drew closer until the two boats were running side by side. Then the pursuing craft veered abruptly away and headed out toward the middle of the bay. The speed of the other boat decreased. The roar of its exhaust became intermittent.

"Engine trouble!" suggested Joe.

But there was more than engine trouble.

With startling violence, a sheet of flame leaped high into the air from the motorboat. There was a stunning explosion and a dense puff of smoke. Bits of wreckage were thrown high into the air,

and in the midst of it all the Hardy boys, horrified, saw the figure of the man hurled from the boat into the water.

The shattered boat was swiftly ablaze. Hardly had the wreckage begun to fall back into the water with spasmodic patterings and splashes than the craft was in flames.

"Look!" shouted Frank. "He's still alive!"

The boys could see the man struggle in the water near the blazing boat. He was trying to swim ashore.

"He'll never make it!" gasped Joe.

"Quick!" Frank snapped. "There's a rowboat up on the shore. We can get to him in time if we hurry!"

The boys dropped their bikes at the edge of the road and ran along the shore to the place where Frank had spotted a rowboat pulled upon the beach. It was battered and old, but still seaworthy.

"Into the water, hurry!" said Frank.

They seized the boat and the keel grated on the shore as the little craft was launched. Swiftly, they fixed the oars in the locks and scrambled into their places. They began to row with strong, steady strokes toward the man in the bay. He had seen them, and was shouting for help.

Frank cast a quick look around. The fellow was clinging desperately to a bit of wreckage. In the background, the motorboat still blazed fiercely. Flames shot high in the air. The craft was plainly doomed. As for the other motorboat, Frank could hear the roar of its exhaust as it continued its flight out into the bay.

The boys exerted all their strength and the little rowboat fairly leaped over the waves. Both were good oarsmen and it was not long before they had drawn close to the man in the water. Just as the fellow wearily gave up his grasp on the piece of wreckage to which he had been clinging, Frank reached over and grasped him by the hair while Joe got a grip on his collar. Then the two boys managed to drag the stranger into the boat, where he lay, sprawled helplessly.

"It was Snackley," he groaned. Then he fainted.

"We'd better get him to shelter some place," said Joe. "We can't do much for him here."

As the two boys grasped the oars and pulled for shore, there was a hissing sound. A cloud of steam arose from the burning boat. They saw it sink lower and lower into the water, then disappear. Its stern seemed to hesitate for a moment, then it slid down into the waves, leaving only a widening pool of oil and scattered wreckage on the surface.

The boys rowed until they heard pebbles grate under the keel. Frank leaped out and dragged the boat part way up the beach. The stranger had revived a little and was sitting up. The

boys helped him onto the beach.

"There's a farmhouse not far from here," Joe offered. "We'd better go there. You can rest and we'll call the police and tell them about those guys who shot at you."

The mention of the police seemed to startle the stranger. He was a slim, black-haired young fellow, simply dressed. When Joe spoke he had been leaning on the two boys, letting them help him along the beach. Now, however, he made an effort, straightened himself up and stood alone.

"The police—oh, yes. That would be the thing to do. Call the police." The young man looked around a little wildly, but he let the Hardy boys lead him along to the place where a footpath led across the Shore Road and up to a nearby farmhouse.

A gaunt, kindly-faced woman came hurrying out at their approach, and from the orchard nearby came a man in overalls.

"What's happened?" asked the woman, wide-eyed.

"This man was nearly drowned out in the bay," explained Frank. "We saw your house..."

"Bring him in," boomed the farmer. "Bring him indoors."

The woman ran ahead to hold the door open, and the strange party went into the house. The farmer's wife glanced dubiously at the water that dripped from the victim's clothing onto her clean floor.

"You'd better get out of those wet things, young feller," the farmer urged, catching his wife's eye. "Come on in here and I'll get you some dry clothes to put on."

While the kindly man took the stranger into another room, Joe put through a telephone call to Chief Collig in Bayport, to tell him of the near-tragedy on the bay. The chief assured the Hardy boy that a squad car would be at the farm within minutes.

Just as Joe turned away from the phone, the farmer, who introduced himself as Mr. Kane, re-entered the room. "He'll be all right just as soon as he gets into those dry things," he said. "He don't seem to be hurt."

"The police will want to ask him a few questions when they get here," Frank surmised. "He must be mixed up in something pretty bad if gunmen are chasing him around Barmet Bay."

Chief Collig was as good as his word, for within fifteen minutes a squad car pulled into the drive of the farmhouse, and two uniformed men got out. Mrs. Kane ushered them into the kitchen while her husband left the room to call the mysterious stranger.

In a few moments Mr. Kane was back, a stunned look on his face.

"He's gone!" he exclaimed.

"Who's gone?" said one of the officers—a man named Ives.

"The stranger. The man who nearly drowned. He must have climbed out the window and taken off when I was in here talking with the boys."

The policemen left the house quickly, made a hurried but thorough search of the grounds, and were back soon to report that the stranger had, indeed, gotten clean away.

"You'd better load your bikes on back of the car and come back to town with us," Ives told the boys. "The chief will want to talk to you."

The boys thanked the Kanes for their help, and left with the police.

The interview with Chief Collig was a long one. The Hardy boys had to go over every detail of the morning's events. When they had told their story once, Chief Collig sent for Fenton Hardy, and had them repeat their tale to him. At the mention of the name Snackley, which the stranger had muttered before he fainted, Joe noticed that a strange expression came over his father's face. But Mr. Hardy said nothing until he heard the entire story. Then he turned to Chief Collig.

"Wasn't Snackley supposed to be the name of old Polucca's nephew?" he asked.

"I don't remember, exactly," the chief replied. "I'd have to go back over the records of that case to make sure. But even if the nephew was named Snackley, he never showed up to collect on the estate."

"I wonder!" Fenton Hardy mused. Then he got up suddenly. "Well, Frank and Joe have had about enough for one day, I guess. I'll take them along with me, if you have no more questions to ask, Chief."

"No, Fenton. Thanks for coming down. Mighty strange business, this. Almost takes you back to the days when smugglers were operating out of Barmet Bay."

"Were there really smugglers around here, Dad?" Frank asked, on the way home in the car.

"Yes, Frank. But that was a long time ago. Bayport is a pretty ideal place for that kind of thing—with the sheltered bay right on the coast. Ships with contraband would wait just outside the bay and small boats would run out under the cover of night and pick the stuff up. All the gangs were cleaned out years ago though—before you were born. And there hasn't been any smuggling here since then."

"Do you think those men who sank that boat today were gangsters, then?"

"It certainly looks like something of the sort," Mr. Hardy replied as he turned the car into the drive. "But there just hasn't been anything that would indicate an organized ring of criminals operating in this area. I wonder if..."

But then he stopped.

"If what, Dad?" Joe persisted.

"Nothing. Just a crazy idea I had!"

When the Hardy boys came downstairs for breakfast the next morning, they were surprised to find that their father had already left the house.

"He went out early this morning," Aunt Gertrude explained, breaking their breakfast eggs into a frying pan. "He said he didn't know just how soon he'd be back."

The boys looked disappointed. They had planned to spend the day with their father, going over the details of the mysterious "case" with him.

The time passed quietly—and slowly—but by evening Fenton Hardy had not returned home. Now Aunt Gertrude began to worry, although the boys felt Mr. Hardy could take care of himself under any circumstances. But when there was no word from the missing detective the next morning, even Frank and Joe began to be troubled. After much nervous consultation, it was decided that Aunt Gertrude should call Chief Collig. The chief reassured her:

"He's probably working on a case," he said. "You know how often he has to go into town or even away from this part of the country."

"I know," Aunt Gertrude replied. "But he always keeps in touch with us. He's never gone off like this without a word of explanation."

"I'll do what I can to check," the chief said, "but I really wouldn't worry too much if I were you, Gertrude. Fenton can take care of himself."

But an hour later the chief called back to ask whether the car was still in the garage.

"Yes, it is," Aunt Gertrude reported. "He was walking when he left yesterday morning."

"That's funny," Chief Collig said. "I've checked the railroad station and the bus terminal. He didn't buy a ticket at either place. He must still be in Bayport."

"But how could he be in Bayport all this time and not even call us?"

"Now, Gertrude. Don't get excited. He may have gotten on the train without buying a ticket, and paid his fare after he was on board."

But Aunt Gertrude refused to be calmed. Frank and Joe set out to question everyone they could find, to ascertain if anyone had seen their father. Fenton Hardy was a well-known figure in Bayport, but no one had seen him. It was as though he had stepped out the front door and vanished into thin air. It was late afternoon, and the boys were tired and discouraged, before they got their first slim lead.

They had stopped to speak to the foreman of a local trucking concern, when a thick-set, broad-shouldered fellow who was standing nearby interrupted their conversation.

"You say you're lookin' for Fenton

Hardy?" he questioned.

"Yes, have you seen him?" asked Frank eagerly.

"Sure. I saw him yesterday morning. I'm a driver. Name's Sam Bates. I'd been out on a long run on Saturday and my rig broke down. That's why I didn't get back here till Sunday morning."

"I was on my way back into town, comin' along the Shore Road, when I get near that haunted house up on the cliff. You know the place where old Polucca was murdered?"

"The Polucca Place!"

"Yeah! Well, anyway, I was comin' by there and I see a man walkin' along the side of the road."

"Dad!"

"Yeah! It was your father. So I stopped and asked him if he wanted a lift, but he thanked me and said he was just takin' a little walk. I drove on past him, then."

"Did he go down the lane to the Polucca place?" Frank asked quickly.

"I don't know whether he did or not. He hadn't reached the lane when I saw him last. I didn't think anything more about it till just now."

The Hardy boys thanked Bates, and the big man shambled away.

"I'll bet Dad went up to investigate the Polucca house," Frank said. "Remember how interested he was when we told him the man we rescued said Snackley shot at him?"

"That's it. And Dad said Snackley was the name of old man Polucca's nephew. Why didn't we think of that before! Dad put two and two together and figured there was some connection between the queer things that happened to us the day we were at the house on the cliff and the man who was attacked out on the bay last Saturday."

"Let's go up to the Polucca place and see if we can find any sign of Dad!"

The boys phoned Aunt Gertrude to tell her of their plan, then sped out the Shore Road on their bikes.

When they reached the lane that led from the Shore Road into the grounds of the house on the cliff, they dismounted and walked down the weed-grown lane, pushing their bikes in front of them. At the end of the drive, they stopped and stared at the house. Frank let out a low whistle.

The Polucca house had tenants!

The boards which had covered the windows had been taken away and the sagging front door had been repaired. Smoke rose from the kitchen chimney.

As the boys watched, a woman came out and began to hang things on a clothesline behind the house.

The boys looked at each other in consternation. They had expected to find the same sinister, deserted place they had visited previously. Instead, they had arrived on a scene of domestic activity. They could not understand it.

Just then the woman at the clothesline looked up and saw them. She was hard-faced and tight-lipped, with gaunt features. "What do you want?" she inquired in a harsh voice.

As she spoke, a short, thin man with close-cropped hair came out of the house and stood on the steps.

"We—we're looking for a man who has disappeared from Bayport," Joe spoke up bravely. "He was seen in this neighborhood just yesterday."

"What's his name?"

"Hardy."

"What does he look like?"

"Tall, with graying hair. He was wearing a gray suit and hat."

"Ain't seen nobody like that," the man said. "Matter of fact, there ain't been nobody around here since we moved in last week."

"You boys had better go look somewhere else," the woman added.

There was nothing to be gained by arguing with the unsociable pair, and Frank and Joe started to leave. But Frank, who had edged closer to the house during the conversation, had glanced into the hall. Something caught his eye. It was a gray hat hanging on a dilapidated rack! He thought quickly. He was almost sure it was his father's hat, but he wanted to look closely.

"I'm very thirsty," he said. "Do you mind if I have a drink?"

The man and woman exchanged glances without enthusiasm. It was plain that they wanted to get rid of the boys, but they could not refuse such a reasonable request.

"Come into the kitchen," said the man grudgingly.

This was just what Frank wanted. He followed the man through the hall, which, he noted, was still covered with plaster dust, although the debris from the fallen ceiling had been removed. As he walked toward the kitchen he took a swift look at the hat.

He had made no mistake. It was Mr. Hardy's.

Then he received a shock that almost stunned him. On the brim of the hat were three large stains, reddish in color. They could be nothing but blood.

In a daze, Frank entered the kitchen, drank a glass of water, then turned away, conscious that the man had been eyeing him carefully all the time.

"Thanks," he said, and as he went back through the hall he again cast a glance at the peg.

The hat was gone!

Frank gave no sign that he noticed anything amiss. He walked out into the yard to join his brother.

"We're sorry we troubled you," said Joe. "Good-bye."

The pair said nothing as the boys turned away and retraced their steps out to the lane. They walked on in silence until they were out of sight of the house. Then Frank turned to his brother and said, "Dad's in that house, Joe. I'm sure if it. I saw his hat hanging in the hall!"

"Are you sure it was his hat?"

"Positive. I'd recognize it anywhere. And it had bloodstains on it."

"Bloodstains!"

Frank nodded.

"I thought there was something fishy about that couple," Joe said. "We've got to get back in there."

"Well we can't get back this way, that's for sure," said Frank. "If they're suspicious of us, and I think they are, they'll watch the lane."

"I know," Joe said quickly. "We can go back the Shore Road to the beach and come up that way. There's that old rickety flight of stairs that runs from the beach to the top of the cliff. It comes out practically in Polucca's back yard. They'll never expect us to come that way. And it'll be dark in half an hour. Even if they do look out toward the cliff they won't see us in the dark."

By now the boys had reached the end of the lane. They mounted their bikes and coasted smoothly down the Shore Road to the beach. The sun was already setting, and when they looked back toward the cliff they could see a light twinkling in one of the windows of the big house.

Hiding their bikes in the bushes at the edge of the road, they sprinted along the beach for nearly half a mile until they came to the spot where the stairs came down to a sheltered, sandy cove. Frank looked up at the wooden stairs and smiled.

"Looks as if someone wants to be able to get up and down here fast," he said. "They've fixed the steps that were broken."

"And look, Frank!" Joe pointed across the tiny cove. There, moored close to the shore, was a sleek, powerful-looking motorboat. "Isn't that the boat we saw on the bay the day that man was attacked?"

"It looks like it. Maybe Chief Collig wasn't too far wrong when he said it reminded him of the days when there

As he followed the man through the hall, Frank glanced at the hat. It was his father's—and it was bloodstained!



were smugglers in Bayport?"

The boys climbed quickly in the gathering dusk. By the time Joe was able to peer over the top of the cliff it was almost completely dark. About 200 yards ahead and to his right he could make out the massive shape of the Polucca house. Evidently the windows were shuttered, for lights showed here and there in tiny chinks and cracks. One square of light, larger than the others and almost level with the ground, attracted Joe's attention.

"Look, Frank," he breathed. "That light must be a cellar window. And there's no shutter on it. Maybe we can get in that way."

The boys crept as silently as possible across the ground to the old house. When they reached the lighted window they crouched down and peered through the dirty glass.

The sight that met their eyes brought an involuntary gasp of dismay from Joe. They were looking into a tiny cellar room, brilliantly lighted by a bulb dangling from the ceiling. Iron bars, firmly set in the cement window-ledge, covered the opening. Stairs on the opposite side of the room led up to a closed door. And in the center of the room, directly under the light, Fenton Hardy lay bound hand and foot on a small cot. He seemed to be asleep—or unconscious. The boys could make out a rude bandage wrapped around his head.

In one corner of the cellar, also bound and seemingly asleep, the body of a man was slumped. As the boys watched he stirred and turned his head. It was the mysterious stranger they had rescued from the bay!

Frank pulled Joe by the sleeve, and the brothers crept away. When they were a safe distance from the house they stopped to hold council.

"We've got to get help right away," Frank whispered. "I'll stay here and watch and you get out to the road. Flag someone down and have them send the police."

"All right," said Joe. "But for gosh sakes, be careful!"

Just then, loud and clear, Frank and Joe heard someone say, "I tell you, we've got to do something about Hardy."

Startled, the boys jumped. They looked around, but the yard was empty. Then Frank breathed a sigh of relief and pointed. "There's a light behind that shutter," he whispered. "Someone's in there. Sounds as if they're having an argument."

Quietly, Frank and Joe moved closer to the house. At last they stood directly under the shuttered window, listening.

"Hardy knows too much. We've got to get rid of him," they heard. Frank recognized the voice of the man who had given him the water.

Then another voice spoke up. "You knew you'd be taking risks if you came

in on this. Hardy can't hurt us now."

"But Snackley..."

The boys stiffened at the mention of that name. Their father had been right. The mysterious nephew, Snackley, was involved in this affair.

"Forget it, I tell you," the second man cut in again. Evidently he was Snackley. "We don't have a thing to worry about. Sure Hardy knows too much. But he isn't going to get a chance to tell—not right now."

"Here's what we do. The freighter is due to pass outside the bay at 9:30. We'll take the motorboat out to meet it and pick up the jewels and we'll leave Hardy and Smitty here—tied up in the cellar. Just for good measure we'll lock the cellar door. Then, after we've got the gems, we just won't come back here. We can run the motorboat ashore farther down the coast and leave it—or sell it. By the time Hardy and Smitty get loose—if they get loose at all—we'll be long gone."

There was a moment of silence, then the boys heard the first man mutter something under his breath. He seemed to have given in.

"Come on!" Snackley spoke. "We've got to get going if we're going to be in time to meet the freighter."

There was the sound of chairs scraping on the kitchen floor, then heavy footfalls. Frank and Joe backed hurriedly away from the house.

"Frank, what are we going to do?" Joe asked frantically.

"We're going to fix that motorboat so it can't go," was the grim answer. "Then they can't get away from here."

The boys raced across the yard and down the steps to the beach. They waded quickly out to the sleek boat and tugged at the tarpaulin which covered the cockpit. In seconds it came away and the boys yanked the cover back from the motor. Frank fumbled at the motor, then drew back and dropped something over into the water.

"That'll do it," he hissed. "Let's get the tarp back on."

They slid into the shallow water and pulled the tarpaulin into place. As they waded up onto the shore Frank said, "Now let's get back to the top of the cliff. We can get Dad out of the house as soon as those crooks leave the place."

But they were too late. Already the thugs had started down the wooden stairs. Frank and Joe barely had time to hide themselves in some bushes before the three men came down the stairs.

Leading the way was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow who carried a large flashlight. In its reflected beam the Hardy boys could see the man they had met that afternoon and another man, a stranger, bringing up the rear. As they reached the beach the one in the lead spoke, urging the others to hurry. The boys recognized Snackley's voice.

He waded out to the motorboat and pulled the tarpaulin off. "We haven't all night," he snarled.

Then he attempted to start the motor. They could hear him fumble with the starter, mutter an oath, and pull at the cover of the motor. As he began to peer inside it his haste betrayed him. He dropped the large flashlight, and it went out as it hit the deck with a tinkle of breaking glass.

"Bill, give me that other light," Snackley ordered. "Hurry, or we'll never make it to the freighter."

The man named Bill produced a second, smaller light, turned it on and handed it over to Snackley.

Just then Joe tugged at Frank's arm. "There's someone coming down the stairs," he whispered.

Frank looked up toward the top of the cliff and saw three dark figures quietly descending. The men in the motorboat were so absorbed in their predicament that they didn't notice the approach of the trio on the stairs.

Snackley, who had bent over the motor, suddenly snarled, "Someone's swiped the distributor head!"

The man named Bill said something in a low voice, to which Snackley replied, "What do you mean, fix it? We can't fix it. We'll never get out of here until..."

"Going somewhere, Snackley?" said a familiar voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Dad!" Joe shrieked, leaping up.

The men in the boat were stunned at this strange turn of affairs. They had left Mr. Hardy bound in the cellar of the old house; now, suddenly, he confronted them. Moreover, he was flanked by two policemen.

For an instant no one moved. Then Snackley scrambled to escape. But he tripped on the edge of the cockpit and splashed face-downward into the water. By the time he regained his feet he found himself staring down the barrel of a gun which was held by Chief Collig. The two thugs in the boat didn't even try to make a run for it. Instead they permitted themselves to be herded ashore like sheep.

"This is a nice haul," Chief Collig commented, "although I'm not too sure what we have here. Fenton, what kind of fish are these?"

"Well, they're smugglers, to begin with," Fenton Hardy answered. "And they're kidnappers and thieves, and I think we can prove they're the murderers who killed old Polucca."

* * *

Late that night, when the excitement was over and the gang of smugglers were safely in jail, Frank and Joe knocked softly on the door of their father's room. Mr. Hardy called to them to come in, and they opened the door to see him sitting up in bed, a fresh bandage on his head.



When Snackley tried to run for it, he tripped on the edge of the cockpit and splashed face-downward in the water.

"I've been expecting you two," he smiled tiredly. "I should skin you alive for going out to the Polucca place by yourselves, but if it hadn't been for your quick thinking—removing that distributor head—Snackley might have gotten away scott free."

"What happened, Dad? How did those guys get you in the first place?" Frank asked, drawing a chair up to the edge of the bed.

"Well, when you said the man you rescued accused Snackley of attacking him, I remembered that Snackley was the name of Mr. Polucca's nephew. It just seemed a little too coincidental that there should be all those noises at the house on the cliff, and then that strange incident of the sinking of the boat on the bay. I thought Chief Collig's comment about the times when there were smugglers in Bayport was pretty interesting, too.

"I didn't really have anything definite in mind when I left here on Sunday morning, but I didn't think it would hurt to walk out to the house on the cliff and have a look around. When I got there the front door was open and I just walked right into a hornet's nest."

"Holy crow!" Joe exclaimed. "Then what?"

The detective continued, "Snackley and the others were there—including that woman, who's Snackley's wife—and if they'd kept their heads they might have been all right. But when they looked up and saw me they panicked. Snackley pulled a gun and then, of course, the jig was up. They couldn't let me go. The fellow they call Bill must have been the one who hit me on the head. Anyhow, when I came to I was a prisoner, tied up down in the

cellar along with Smitty.

"That Smitty turned out to be a very interesting fellow. He was scared and bitter—they'd tried to kill him, and he was afraid they'd try again—and he talked pretty freely about them. He told me that Snackley and the others were part of a jewel-smuggling ring. Rare gems were purchased in Europe and turned over to a fellow who had a job as a seaman on a freight ship that runs between here and Europe. He brought them to this country, but he couldn't bring them through customs, of course. As a matter of fact, he didn't even attempt to land them. He just hid them aboard ship and laid low—acted just like any ordinary seaman. But they all knew that when the ship left port and started the crossing back to Europe it would pass near Barmet Bay."

The brothers listened wide-eyed as their dad went on, "Just before she sailed, the seaman contacted Snackley and let him know what time the freighter would be off Bayport. Snackley and the others were to run out in the motorboat and stand by for the freighter. They had a signal arranged—that's why they carried that big flashlight—and when the seaman saw it he was to drop the jewels over the side. They were all carefully packaged in a watertight can, of course, and the can was painted with luminous paint so that the crooks wouldn't have any trouble finding it in the dark water."

"What about Smitty, Dad," Joe asked. "How did he come into it?"

"He'd been a member of the gang, but he got scared of the whole business and tried to run out. I don't think Smitty's really bad. He's just a kind of wild young fellow who got in with the wrong

crowd. They were afraid he'd tell what he knew so they tried to kill him that day out on the bay. He was afraid to talk to the police. That's why he skipped out the window of the Kane house after you boys called Chief Collig that day. Snackley saw him walking on the Shore Road a few minutes after and picked him up there."

"And why did Chief Collig go out to the Polucca house tonight?" Frank said.

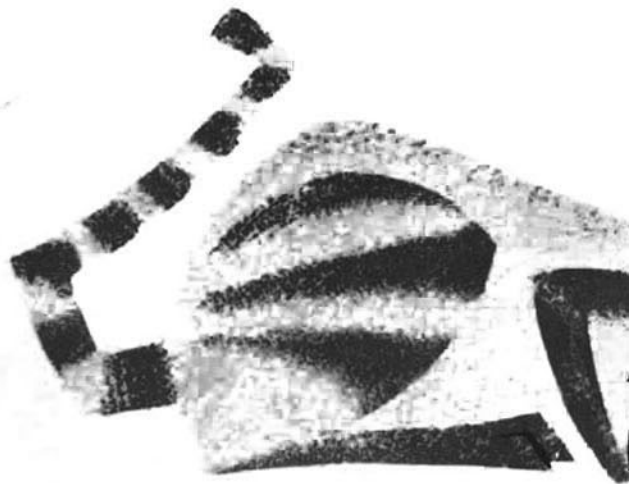
"It's lucky for us he did," his father replied. "Your Aunt Gertrude called him when you two boys didn't get home before dark. He was pretty alarmed when he heard where you'd gone so he drove right out there. I know he was afraid you'd fallen through the floor or something like that. When he found Smitty and me tied tied up in the cellar he was pretty surprised!"

Now Joe spoke up. "Dad, you told Chief Collig that Snackley's gang had killed old man Polucca?"

"Yes, Joe. Smitty told me about that, too. Snackley wanted to use the house on the cliff as a base for his smuggling operations, and Polucca wouldn't let him. The old man may have been a miser, but he was honest. When he refused his nephew, Snackley shot him in cold blood. He had to wait for two years after that before he could get things organized—and of course until the uproar over the murder died down. Snackley just wasn't able to understand why the old man wouldn't go for the smuggling scheme—it was so clever. It would have worked like a charm, too—except for one thing."

"What's that, Dad?" Joe asked.

Mr. Hardy chuckled. "You and your pals went out to the house on the cliff—and got scared by ghosts!"



WHOLLY CATS

by Dick Huemer

Lorenzo the Magnificent

Lorenzo licked, and licked, and licked
His snow white chest until it curled
Into a lovely sculptured mass
Of little ringlets tightly furled.
He kept it up for years and years —
(Sigh!)

But never washed behind the ears!

Playful Prunella

Prunella would play
At the drop of a hat.
She was, you might say,
The "playingest cat."
She romped in the bedrooms
And mussed up the beds.
She played with the curtains
And tore them to shreds.
She frolicked through life
Like a frisky young kid.
Old age didn't stop her.
A live wire did!

Sly Puss

Kitty's face is round and neat.
Kitty's fur is clean and sweet.
And each little mark and line
Makes a wonderful design.
But in country, town or city
No one is as sly as Kitty.
What a shame a thing so pretty
Has so very little pity.

Peter and Paul

Said Peter, "I feel like a fracas.
Come on, let's indulge in a brawl."
"I'll lick you as soon as I've finished
Licking myself, Sir," said Paul.



Motherly Type

Having kittens was her forte
 For Nellie was the fruitful sort.
 While motherhood makes
 all hearts soften,
 Did it *have* to be so often?



Hopeful Horace

Watching a hole in the wall,
 Obsessed in some strange sort of way,
 Horace would sit by the hour.
 Horace would sit by the day.
 We'd lure him with tidbits and dainties
 We'd try to cajole him away.
 Sometimes we'd succeed for a moment,
 Then back to his vigil he'd stray.
 And so, we gave up and ignored him,
 One morning, with spring in the air.
 We packed up our things and just left him.
 He's probably still sitting there.

Nervous Nellie

Nellie would shy at her shadow.
 She'd jump at the slightest noise.
 Her eyes grew large with
 suspicious alarm
 At Junior's mechanical toys.
 Nellie saw *things* in the darkness
 That nobody else could see.
 She'd hump her back in terror
 At every shadowy tree.
 The sight of a mouse would
 unnerve her.
 She'd faint at the sight of a rat.
 Thank goodness she's gone,
 for she made us
 As nervous as a cat.



THAT NIGHT ON OLD FLAT-TOP

by John Folger



illustrated by HERB RYMAN

Old Flat-top was a hill outside our town that had been leveled off for a building project that never happened. Now it was just a flat place with scraggly weeds around the edges where it dropped away on all sides to the pastures below. A few eucalyptus trees bordered the rough dirt road that led up to the top. Otherwise there was nothing but the view.

Remy Remington and I had gone up there after supper that night because there was to be an eclipse of the moon and we thought we'd make like astronomers and try to photograph the eclipse with Remy's camera. Remy also had his flash equipment with him on the chance we'd come across some "wildlife"—a horned toad or a raccoon or something we might get a shot of.

We had set up the tripod and were talking about the best way to shoot the moon when these people came and this strange thing happened.

It had gotten pretty dark and here came this car bouncing along the rough road up toward where we were. The driver acted like he was in a whale of a hurry. His headlight shot up into the sky at a steep angle where he forced the car up the final stretch of road which was steepest of all. That must have been how he missed seeing us.

Back down the road we could see the lights of another car as it climbed the hill like mad, same as the first one had done.

A girl in jeans and white blouse jumped out of the first car as it stopped with its lights off about fifty feet from where we stood. She ran to a clump of bushes at the edge of the hill carrying a package of some kind. Stooping down she sort of tucked it under the largest bush. Then she hopped back in the car and the driver drove on another fifty feet or so. Then he stopped, turned off

the engine and they just sat there.

Next thing we knew the second car bounced up onto the flat. The people in this car missed seeing us, too, mainly I guess because by this time we were lying down behind the weeds and peering out, wondering what in blazes was going on.

This second car was a police car and we knew then that there really *was* something doing.

The police car pulled up alongside the other car. Unable to resist, we edged closer through the weeds and caught some of the conversation. The driver was saying he and his girl friend were just out for a ride and wanted to get a good look at the eclipse. Then the police—there were two officers—wanted to know why they had raced so up the rough road. But the driver had an answer for that, too. His old car, he said, wouldn't make the top if he didn't step on it.

There was a lot more talk but the police weren't satisfied. Pretty soon they had both the girl and the driver get out and stand there while they searched the car. Finally they told 'em parking wasn't allowed up there on Flat-top and suggested they leave. They were reluctant, as that package, whatever it was, was still under the bush, but finally they drove off down the hill. The cops looked around a little with their flashlights and then they left, too.

Remy nudged my elbow.

"Come on, Johnny," he said. "Let's see what's in that package."

I didn't need coaxing. I wanted to know, too.

We found the bush and under it the package. It was a brown grocery bag with the top folded over and string tied around it both ways.

"It's not heavy," said Remy. "What do you suppose is in it?"

We ripped off the string, then gasped at what tumbled out onto the ground. There in the dim light was a pile of paper money—fives and tens and twenty dollar bills, all neatly tied in bundles we figured to be fifty bills each, with those beautiful numbers showing on the corners of the top bill of each little bundle.

"Wow!" said Remy. "Look at that."

"No wonder they didn't want to leave," I told him. "They must have robbed the bank."

"And they fooled the cops completely with that 'look at the view' story of theirs," Remy went on.

We stacked up the bills and estimated that there was over five thousand dollars lying there in front of us on the ground.

"They'll be back for this," Remy predicted. "And soon!"

Together we scooped our find back into the sack. Then Remy raised up and looked out off Old Flat-top into the darkness.

"Listen!" he said.

Down the old dirt road we could hear the sounds of a car coming but it was not showing any lights.

"What'll we do?" I asked Remy, and I confess there was a quaver in my voice.

"Wait for 'em," said Remy, cool as could be. "Let's hide this sack of money in another place and duck

out of sight until they give up."

We grabbed our camera and the package and slipped over the edge of Old Flat-top down into the weeds. But as we crouched there it was evident that something had happened to the car. The sounds no longer came from down the road.

"I'll bet they're leaving their car at that wide place, turned around for a quick get-away if they need it," said Remy. "Here's our chance."

Quickly he told me his idea and we hurried to put it into effect. We took two bundles of five dollar bills out of the sack and took them and our camera with us back up to the top. Hastily we put the money under the bush where the girl had hidden the sack in the first place. Next we set up our camera just to one side of the bush and a little over the hill edge, having trouble making the tripod stand on the sloping ground. Now there was nothing to do but wait and see what would happen.

Presently we heard a scuffling noise and the sound of a pebble rolling after being kicked by a shoe. I held my breath.

Suddenly Remy was pressing my arm. Two figures were feeling around under the bush, crouching on hands and knees.

"Where'd you put it?" A man's voice, gruff and unpleasant.

"Right here," the girl was saying, a note of hysteria in her voice, and somehow I felt sorry for her, wondering how she ever got mixed up in this crooked business. Then her hand hit the bills we had planted. "Here . . ." she said and her voice trailed off like she was confused.

That was when Remy tripped the flash on his camera. I'll never forget the scene it revealed—the girl and the man, startled, frozen for one brief instant in fright and amazement, not believing.

We waited no longer but plunged headlong down the side of Old Flat-top, Remy carrying the camera while I clutched the brown sack under my arm like a football. Remy, with that camera, never fell at all but I tumbled more than once as the dry grass of the slope slid my feet out from under me.

But this was the least of our troubles. The man and the girl were

coming down behind us, madder than hornets. What to do next?

Of course it was Remy again who had the idea that got us away. We circled and came out on the road just above the spot where our pursuers had parked their car. Sure enough, it was headed down the hill. We jumped in and felt for the key in the dash, all the while hearing them crashing through the brush behind us.

"No key," Remy said, breathing hard from running. "They took it with them."

He reached down and released the handbrake. Instantly the car started to roll and pick up speed. And just in time, too! I looked back and there they were, pulling up all out of breath, as unhappy a pair as you'd ever see.

We coasted all the way to the main highway, abandoning the car there because we were dead without the key. But it was only a short hike to the El Rancho motor court where we phoned the police. A short while later they had relieved us of our sack and one of their photographers was developing our film.

Funny thing—with that photo the bank robbers were captured the very next morning in a restaurant and the bank even got back the five dollar bills we had baited our camera trap with. Those two unhappy people didn't even get to pay for their breakfast with one of those fives. And oh, yes, the bank had put up a reward which Remy and I split (\$250 each!) and put right back in the bank again with the funds we were saving for our college education. That is, we put it all in except for ten dollars apiece we were allowed to keep out and spend for anything that might tickle our fancy.

I guess you might say that the moral of this story would be that photographing eclipses can be profitable (come to think of it, we never did see it, being in the police station at the time) and that crime sure does pay, but not for the criminals.

Anyway, as Remy said afterward, that night on Old Flat-top certainly provided more excitement than we had had in our town in a long, long time. And as I told him then, you can say that again!



YOUR SENSE OF



Did you ever wonder about your sense of touch and how it works? Well, sir, touch is all over your body from head to foot. Yep, you feel your sense of touch through the entire surface of your skin. Most living creatures from the moment they're born begin learning about life with their sense of touch.

For a baby deer life at first is getting the feel of things. And with the human baby no object is real to him until he is able to touch it. His touch sense tells him if it is big or small, if it's rough or smooth, and what it's made of.

You know, early man's sense of touch led him to a remarkable discovery: he learned that when his skin felt cold he had to find a way to keep warm, and when it was warm he had to do something to keep cool. When it was wet he tried to keep dry. Today man's skin senses have the same elements to cope with but through modern science he has devised means to keep himself comfortable—in the rain, in the heat, in the cold, under water, and even in outer space. Man is the only animal who is not limited by his skin senses. He can survive in any place or any climate.

Now it's easy to locate the receptors for your other senses—there are your eyes for sight, your ears for sound, your nose for smell and the mouth for taste—but it's different with your sense of touch. You want to know why? Well sir, touch is not just one sensation—it is four sensations and your skin has special receptors for each: warmth, cold, pressure and pain. There are millions of receptors; they cover the entire surface of your skin.

Let's see what your skin senses do for you. Your sensation of warmth tells you if you're sunburned at the beach. The pressure sensation tells you if something is hard, like stubbing your toe on a rock, or soft, like landing in a haystack. The cold sensation tells

TOUCH



by JIMINY CRICKET

you if a shower is cool, cold or freezing. And the pain sensation warns you when your skin meets with trouble like Mr. Bee.

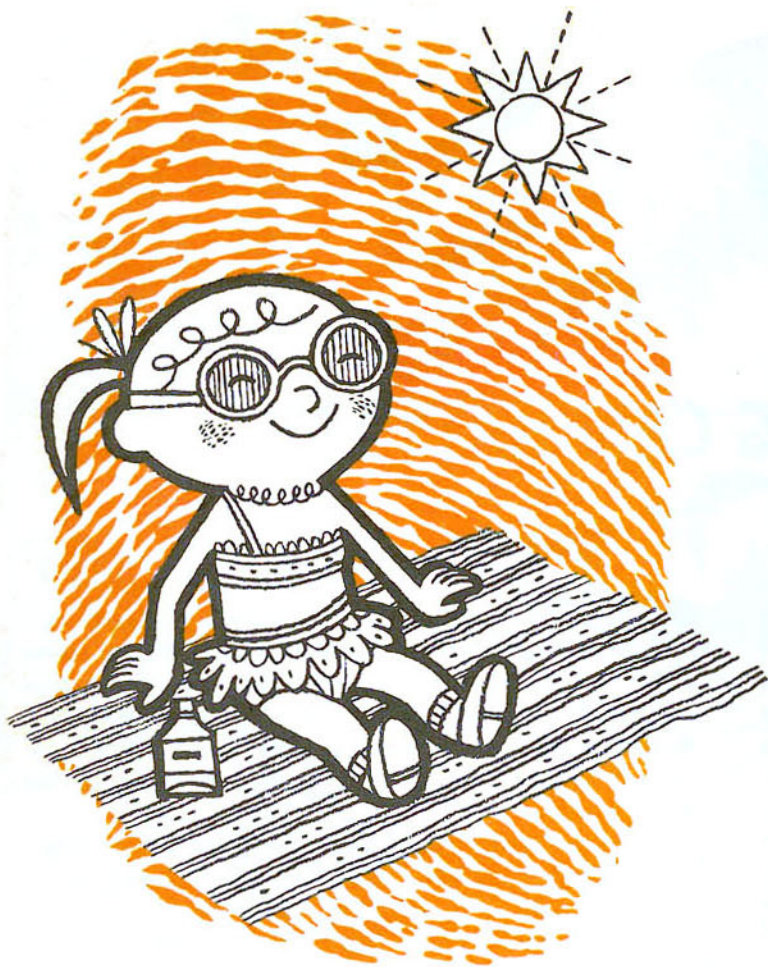
There are times when you can give your other four senses a rest. When you stop eating your senses of smell and taste relax. Your hearing can enjoy an occasional period of silence when, for example, you turn off the radio. And you can sit back and close your eyes and shut out sight. But your old sense of touch never rests—your skin senses are always alert and flash every sensation to the brain, like when Mr. Bee settles on your nose—YEOW!

Yes sir, you just couldn't get along without your sense of touch. If your skin didn't have the sensation for cold, you might step out barefooted in freezing weather. Take away the sensation of warmth and you wouldn't know if you backed into a fire—but your skin does have these feelings plus the sensation of pain. Now it's your pressure sense which gives you the feeling of contact with things, and without it you'd feel as if you were floating—you could not feel yourself walking, standing, sitting or even lying down.

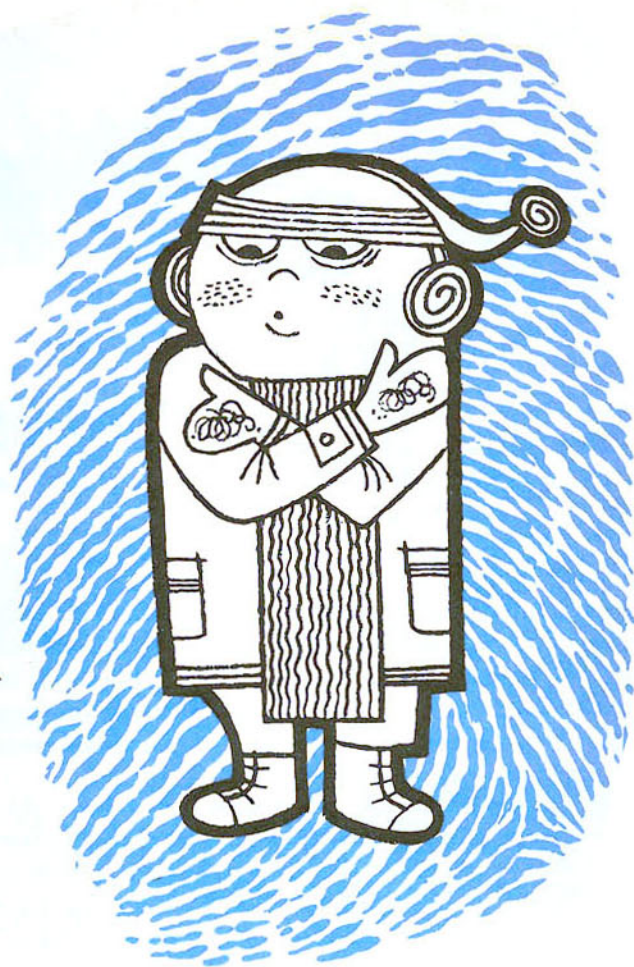
Did you know that there are hundreds of touch receptors in your finger tips alone? These receptors give an extremely sensitive touch—some people must use this sensitive touch in place of sight, learning to read through their finger tips. So you see how valuable your sense of touch is (how you can do things with it) and how it brings you different sensations through your skin.

But all your senses just take in messages. It's your brain that decides how to use them. Why, by using imagination with his sense of touch, man has developed many skills such as those in art, science, music, sports and—ha, ha—even yo-yo's.

Well, time for me to go, but another time I'll tell you more. So bye now.



HEAT



COLD

illustrated by THADD ROARK



PAIN



PRESSURE



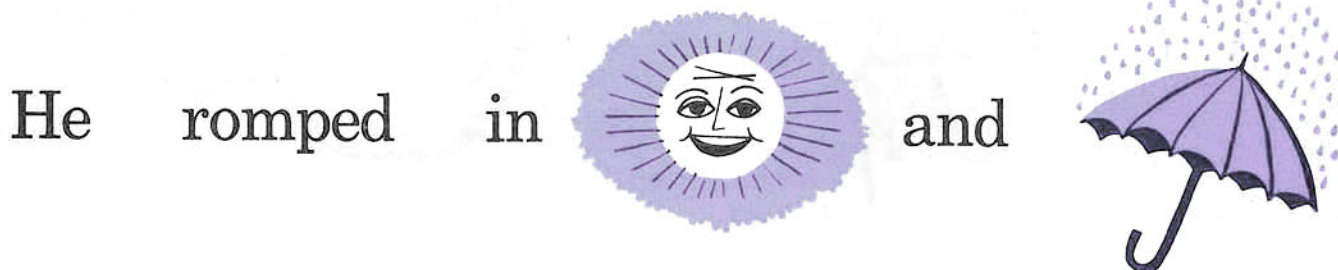
If you have a pen pal, here's something you may enjoy doing. Write a rebus. They are lots of fun to write—and loads of fun to figure out. They can be easy, or they can be difficult; it all depends on your imagination. Of course, the trickier they are, the more of a challenge they are to solve.





The story behind the rebus goes away back into history, when pictures were used instead of the written word. From old Egypt, and from ancient towns of Italy, buried as long ago as 79 A.D., examples have been found of the rebus. But just what is a rebus? Webster's dictionary describes it as "a mode of expressing words and phrases by pictures of objects whose names resemble those words, or the syllables of which they are composed; hence, a form of riddle made up of such representations."

Perhaps that sounds a bit dull and unexciting—but it is not so. The rebus has played an important part in the course of history, even in the romantic era of the Middle Ages. Many a knight of old had, as his coat of arms, a rebus that told his name in pictures.

On banners and on shields, his name was spelled out by pictures of every-day objects that had the same names as the syllables of which his own name was composed. Yes, the rebus has even gone to war, and doubtless many a wrong has been made right by a gallant knight who proudly carried a rebus as his coat of arms.

About 300 years ago, however, the French discovered that the rebus could be made into a witty and entertaining puzzle. It is said that this French form was first called *rébus de Picardie*, because that province was supposedly the scene of its origin. Undoubtedly the gay Frenchmen vied with each other in creating the most unusual and most amusing combinations. The popularity of the rebus soon spread to England and America. Benjamin Franklin found it humorous and used it effectively. Down through the years it has been enjoyed by all ages. As a starter to writing one of your own, read this one about Bambi and his friends. If you want to compare notes, you'll find the solution at the bottom of the opposite page.



His  fri  was  per, 

The little  was 

They  ed the  in his 

The  y  said 

They  the , b  his 

Cut  1  t  2

When Bambi was a baby deer
He romped in sun and shower
His bunny friend was Thumper, and
The little skunk was Flower.
They watched the squirrel in his nest,
The sleepy owl said whooo . . .
They saw the beaver, by his pond,
Cut down one tree, then two.



HOW MONEY BEGAN

by Douglas and Koneta Roxby

Today, when you buy a ten-cent ice cream cone and you have a quarter, you expect to receive a dime and a nickel in change. But what would you have done thousands of years ago when there were no dimes, nickels or even pennies?

At one time there was no money at all. There were only things that people wanted. Men lived in caves and hunted and fished for their livelihood. All they needed in order to exist was shelter, food and clothing. But even in this early time people had different tastes and habits. Some men liked to hunt and fish; others liked to stay at home and make things. The man who hunted brought back meat and furs which the man at home needed for food and clothing. The man at home made spears, hatchets, arrows and pottery which the hunter wanted. So the two men traded with each other. This was called barter.

As time went on, more and more animals were killed, and more and more animal skins accumulated. Then someone had a brilliant idea. Why couldn't these furs be used in exchange for pottery, weapons and food? People were always needing new clothes and new bed coverings.

So furs became the first money because everyone



needed them, they were easy to keep and to carry, and they were readily exchanged for other things.

Later, when people began to farm the land, to raise grain, sheep and cattle, there was less hunting of wild animals. Wealth now was estimated by the number of farm animals a man owned and cattle became money, instead of furs.

Cattle were not so convenient to handle, however. If you wanted to buy a pottery bowl, you might give the potter an ox. But you would expect to receive quite a lot of change since an ox is worth a great deal more than the bowl. So your change would be a flock of sheep. An ox was worth ten sheep.

But if a man's cattle and sheep wandered away and became lost, he was left without any money at all. So those who could afford it hired men to watch their flocks. This is what the shepherds were doing on the lonely hillside when the Christmas star appeared over Bethlehem, heralding the birth of Jesus.

Then one day on the island of Cyprus, copper was dug out of the earth for the first time. This copper was made into pots and the copper pots now became money.

These were better than cattle—copper didn't eat or walk away—but they were still a little awkward. To do a day's marketing, the housewife of that time had to take a donkey laden with copper pots to market in order to have enough "money" for her purchases. Then someone thought of cutting the copper into strips. A strip was called an obolus, and six of them made a handful. The copper was valuable in itself, and so it was useful as money.

Eventually people discovered that they could mix cheaper metals with the valuable copper and make more money. Copper then decreased in value. So the governments began to put their stamps upon the metals used for money to certify the quality and weight, so that people would not be cheated in buying and selling.

Many things such as salt, corn, wood, shells and even elephants' tails have been used as money by various peoples. And even after real money began, furs and oxen were still being used in barter in some parts of the world. But the copper obolus was undoubtedly the ancestor of our own penny and the beginning of convenient, easy-to-handle money as we know it today.





I'll never forget the time I was invited to the Disney Studio to audition as a dancer and wound up before a microphone. It was really funny. I had finished my dance routine along with the others who were trying out and then this handsome red-headed man named Jimmie Dodd asked if any of us had ever done any singing. I raised my hand and almost before I knew it I was in front of the mike giving out with *Davy Crockett*. I must have done all right because the next thing I knew I was down at the wardrobe department being fitted for some special costumes and a black hat with a red bow and big black ears on it.

"So you're going to be one of the Mouseketeers!" said the nice lady who was helping me.

Actually I hadn't had any such idea. It was all news to me. I thought, gosh, think of all the kids who would like this—how did they ever pick me?

A lot of wonderful things have happened to me since that day. I've danced with the other kids on TV and been on personal appearances, and I've made some records. And how I do enjoy those recording sessions. They're real crazy! They take you to a big studio room filled with sound equipment and musical instruments and sometimes there is a glass cage that reminded me of the \$64,000 Question the first time I got in it. I could see the conductor—Tutti Camarata—ready to start, and then they had me singing. I really fooled them—wasn't a bit nervous because in that cage I kicked off my shoes and that always relaxes me—makes me feel as if I'm at home singing to my family.

I brought my sisters to one session—Pat who is 19, Larrian, 7, and Gina, 5. They got to sit in the control room and afterward Gina said, "You know what I like best about your singing?" "No, what?" I asked. "The orchestra!" she said.

I love making records but I like to listen to them, too. I have my favorites but of them all Pat Boone is the man! Actually I'm very moody and many things appeal to me. I love Tchaikovsky, ballet music, pop songs, classical music, progressive jazz, calypso songs—I just like them all!

DARLENE CUTS A BISCUIT

...which, in the music world, simply means she is cutting a record.

In this article Darlene describes how it feels to take part in a recording session when the voice they're recording is your own.



*a*t one recording session they had the Mello Men there. They really kill me! The tall one is out of this world and I laughed till I was sick when they showed me how they did the dogs in Lady and the Tramp. That's me singing with them at the top of this page. Last year I recorded I Am Not Now and Never Have Been in Love and a song called Do-Mi-So with Tommy Cole. I've done other numbers from the Mickey Mouse Club show and two songs in a Cinderella album with songs by Jimmie Dodd, and also long playing and singles of such songs as Teen Age Crush, Don't Forbid Me, Butterfly, Too Much and Sit-in' in the Balcony.



photography by DALE HEALY



Illustration by PAUL HARTLEY



THE PINK HAT

by Marion L. Peterson

Elsie was a circus elephant. She was big and gentle. She was always busy, but that was all right with Elsie, because she liked to work. She pushed the animal cages around when the show was being set up. She carried children on her back for a nickel a ride. And when the show was over in the big top, she pulled up the tent stakes. The circus men loved big Elsie. The children who rode on her back loved Elsie. Everybody loved Elsie.

One day Elsie was standing, just idle for a moment between rides. She swung her trunk to and fro and looked out at the people who passed. Elsie was happy. She had eaten a large dinner of hay and emptied a large tub of cool water. The air smelled of peanuts and of animals. Elsie liked the circus smells. On each side of her, barkers hawked side-shows in hoarse, noisy sing-songs. The sound was familiar and pleasant to Elsie.

Then Elsie saw the pink hat. A large woman was

wearing it. The hat was covered with flowers and ribbon. Elsie had never seen such a beautiful hat. Suddenly, she wanted the pink hat as she wanted nothing else in the world. Indeed, Elsie had nothing which was really hers except the hay she ate and the little house on her back for the children to ride in. Now, with all her big, gentle heart, she wanted the pink hat.

When Elsie wanted hay, she reached with her long trunk. When she wanted water, she reached with her long trunk. Now she reached her long trunk for the beautiful pink hat.

The fat woman screamed and held on to her hat. A circus man came running. People gathered quickly.

"That elephant tried to bite me!" the woman screamed, pointing at Elsie.

Elsie tried to explain. No one understood her. Her voice was a great, frightening bellow. Little children



who had always loved Elsie cried in fear. The woman screamed, "She's gone mad! The elephant has gone mad!" The attendant led Elsie from the ring and tied her in a far corner of the circus lot. He removed the little house, which was all Elsie owned in the whole world, and put it on another elephant.

Elsie wanted to say, "I'm not mad. I only want a pink hat." To the circus man, it was just a big elephant bellow. He thought she must be in pain. He looked troubled and rubbed her rough side gently.

"Easy, girl, easy," he said. "We've been working you too hard. A rest is the thing. We'll give you a rest for a few days."

Elsie rested. She did not push animal cages. She did not ride children in the little house. She did not pull up tent stakes. Elsie could not understand this. An elephant never forgets, so Elsie could remember the jungle, and the big boat which brought her from the jungle to the circus. But these things were very long ago. Most of her memories were of working hard

in the circus. Having nothing to do made Elsie unhappy. She moped, tied all day to a stake. Her hay no longer tasted good. Even peanuts and bananas lost their flavor. Her big sides began to shrink away.

"She's really sick," the keeper said.

He called the manager of the circus. They stood side by side and looked at Elsie. She blinked her small eyes. If only they would let her take the children around the ring again! If only they would just take her little house away from that other elephant and give it back to her. If only they would give her a pink hat! Was it too much to ask, she wondered, when it was all she wanted in the world? When Elsie tried to say this, all that came out was just a forlorn bellow.

"We'll send her back to the farm at winter quarters," the men decided. "There's no use hauling her about with us when she is sick. She has served long and well. She is entitled to a good rest and care. Mac will see that she has good care."

Elsie perked up a little when she heard the word "Mac." He was a

great favorite with her. He had a small girl named Rosa who was the first child ever to ride on Elsie's back. Elsie would see Rosa, and Rosa would understand about the pink hat!

Elsie was put on a train and taken back to winter quarters. Mac put her in a big, open pen and brought her cool water. He reached up and rubbed her between the eyes in a special way he had which made Elsie feel good all over.

"Are you sick, Elsie?" he asked gently. "Then we'll get a doctor to make you well. You're a good old elephant, Elsie."

Elsie wanted to tell him, "I'm not sick. I just want to wear a pink hat and ride children on my back." But even Mac didn't understand her.

If only Rosa would come, Elsie felt sure that she would understand. But Rosa did not come. "Even she has forgotten me," Elsie thought sadly, and two great tears rolled from her little eyes and dropped into her uneaten hay.

Elsie could not know that Rosa was visiting her aunt. She was many

miles away. But Mac wrote to Rosa about Elsie.

"Tomorrow the doctor comes," he wrote, "to see if he can find out what is the matter with her. She does not eat enough for a canary. She is very thin and her skin is beginning to wrinkle where there is no fat to hold it out. We are all worried about Elsie."

The doctor came with a big, black kit. He went over all of Elsie's huge body very carefully. He could find nothing wrong. He said that Elsie's heart was fine. He could not see the crack that was in it because no one understood her.

"It is probably overwork," he decided. "These will pep up her appetite." And he left some big pills and went away.

Elsie took the pills because Mac wanted her to, but she could not eat. The hay stuck in her throat and would not go down.

"Elsie is no better," Rosa's father wrote to her. "She still does not eat, although the doctor says there is nothing wrong with her. He is coming again tomorrow."

The doctor came again. He went over all of Elsie's body, inch by inch. It took him a long time. Both he and Elsie were very tired when he finished.

"I believe," he said at last, "that you had better call in a psychiatrist."

A psychiatrist is a doctor who finds out what is wrong with the way a person thinks and feels instead of

just what is wrong with the way his heart beats. The doctor was right. Poor Elsie did need a psychiatrist. But no one had ever heard of an elephant psychiatrist. Mac put in a long distance call to the big zoo in New York to see if anyone there had ever heard of an elephant psychiatrist, but no one had.

That same night, Rosa called on the telephone. She said, "I want to come home. I want to see poor Elsie. If I don't come now, it may be too late. Please, may I come home?"

Of course Mac and Mrs. Mac said that Rosa could come home, because they always did everything they could to make Rosa happy. In just a few days, they met Rosa at the station. Rosa looked very pretty in a fresh, summer dress and a pink hat with flowers and ribbons on it.

"May I go to see Elsie right away," she begged, "even before we go home?"

"Her pen is on our way home," said Mac. "We'll stop."

Elsie was overjoyed to see Rosa. She flung up her big trunk and trumpeted so loudly that she could be heard for miles. But Rosa was not afraid. She ran up and hugged all of Elsie that she could reach.

And here was not only Rosa, but a pink hat just like the one Elsie wanted! Elsie reached out her trunk and tugged at the pink hat. It was tied on tightly. But suddenly Rosa clapped her hands.

"Daddy, didn't you write me when Elsie first took sick that she tried to bite some woman in a pink hat?"

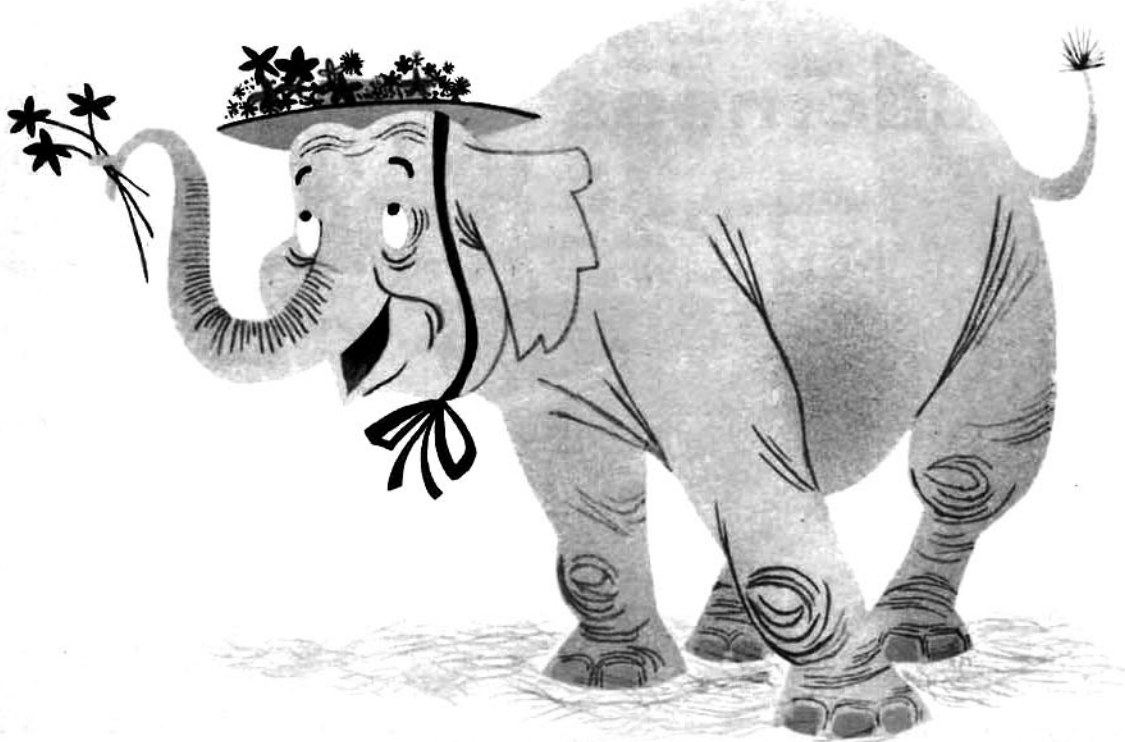
"Why, yes, that was the story her keeper wrote me," said Mac, "but I never believed poor old Elsie tried to bite anyone."

"Of course she didn't," cried Rosa. "She wanted the pink hat. See, she wants my pink hat now."

Rosa took off her pink hat and tied it on Elsie's big head, with a bow under her chin. My, she did look funny! Rosa clapped her hands and laughed. But Elsie did not know she looked funny. She was the happiest elephant in the world. Rosa had come to see her and brought her a pink hat! At last someone understood her. She kicked up her heels with joy and turned around and ate every bite of her hay.

"Well, my gracious," said Mac. "Elsie wasn't sick at all. She just wanted a pink hat."

Now Elsie is back with the circus, riding the children for a nickel a trip. The children think it is more fun than ever, for now the funny old elephant wears a pink hat tied with a bow under her chin. Even when she is pushing animal cages and pulling tent stakes, she wears the pink hat. Rosa sends her a new one from time to time, so that the flowers and ribbons are always fresh. Elsie is as fat and as happy as can be. She is the only elephant with a pink hat.





Thousands of years ago, during the last Ice Age, the entire top of our globe was covered by a vast glacier. Its icy fingers reached deep into North America, across the seas into Scotland and Ireland, Spain and Italy, into the Balkans and down along the frozen plains of Siberia. In fact, one fourth of the earth's surface was imprisoned in its iron grip.

This crushing mantle of snow and ice was often two miles thick and as it slowly advanced in its relentless passage, it flattened whole mountain ranges and gouged out deep valleys on the face of the land.

But in time, the great ice sheet began to melt away and withdraw toward the North Pole, and today its remains are to be found in that region. Strangely enough, the Arctic is not the lifeless desert of ice we sometimes think. Many curious forms of life still survive in the polar region.

What sort of a place is this so-called Arctic Wilderness? Actually it is three regions in one. If we were to perch ourselves upon the North Star and look directly down on the North Pole, we would see a vast island of ice floating on top of the globe. This is the heart of the Arctic, a part of our planet as bleak as the moon. This is Nature's polar workshop, a kind of climate factory

the arctic wilderness

by James Algar



Three regions in one, the Arctic Wilderness includes the polar ice cap, the barren tundra belt where the bitter cold stunts the growth of trees, and a global timberline which fluctuates above and below the Arctic Circle.



The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is one of the mysteries of the polar region.

where she manufactures only one kind of weather—winter—a season that varies year-round only in the degree of its intensity.

South of the pole, in all directions, since all directions *are* south from this point, lie the land masses of the Northern Hemisphere — North America, Greenland, Scandinavian Europe, Asia and the Arctic Islands.

And along these shores lies the tundra belt, the second of the Arctic regions. This is barren plain where the vegetation is hardly higher than your ankles. On these wind-swept rolling hills nothing grows but the tiniest of plants. They must be hardy and ground-hugging and they must somehow subsist in about a foot of thawed soil. Below their roots, in most places, exists the permafrost, where the ground is frozen solid as rock the year round.

The third part of this Arctic Wilderness is the global timberline, a fluctuating border where the forests stop. North of it the bitter cold stunts the growth of all trees. This "forest fence" marks the outer boundary of the Arctic Wilderness, and along this fringe live many creatures that wander in and out of the true Arctic scene, spending part of their time on the barrens, part of it in the woods. Among these are the caribou and the wolverine.

Over this vast amphitheater of snow and ice, there often hovers in the dark sky a living curtain of light. This is the Aurora Borealis, one of Nature's most mysterious spectacles. We know it more familiarly as the Northern Lights. At the south pole, a similar phenomenon occurs, which we call the Aurora Australis or Southern Lights. Sometimes this "atmospheric drapery" is nearly colorless, yet on other occasions it may appear in fairly bright shades of yellow-green, red, blue and violet, generally following the colors of the spectrum. At its best, the aurora can give enough light to read by; however, even at its brightest, it rarely surpasses the brilliance of the moon.

Much remains to be discovered about these colorful displays. Scientists have noted that the aurora is most active when the earth's magnetic field is highly disturbed in what we call a magnetic storm. And they have come to the conclusion that these colorful bands of light in the Arctic sky are caused by the entry into our atmosphere of particles emitted by the sun.

These vivid curtains of light often extend upwards to heights of 400 or even 500 miles. Their effect can be seen from great distances—on rare occasions from as far south as Samoa.

In summer the tundra produces its own curious floral display, including these fluffy white puff-balls called Arctic Cotton.





mickey's mailbox

Readers are pretty nice people. If you don't believe us, just look at a few of the grand letters we've had from our subscribers.
—The Editor

The June issue of the magazine just came, and has been read avidly by every member of the family, from Dad down to our young Sue—who can only look at the pictures. She's three. Thanks for the article on the operation in Antarctica. It's good to know that the men who are working so far from home have an opportunity to attend services at their chapel.

Mrs. John C.
Massapequa, New York

Thank you for the stories about the men in Antarctica. We have been having this in school and I brought the last issue of my magazine to class. Could you please print a story about how the men went really to the South Pole? Are there any houses now at the South Pole?

Mark R.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

In a coming issue of the magazine, we plan to tell the story of the installation at the South Pole.

—The Editor

We are planning a trip to Southern California for our vacation and we would like to visit Disneyland. Could you please give us some information about how much time we will need to cover Disneyland and how much it would cost for a family of two adults and three children. Thanks very much.

James R.
Chicago, Illinois

We're sure you'll enjoy your trip. For full information on your visit to Disney-

land we suggest that you write directly to:

Customer Relations Division
Disneyland
Anaheim, California

—The Editor

We liked the story "Old Man of the Swamp" very much, but I wish you would settle an argument about this. My sister says that the grandmother cried at the end because she was the woman the old hermit had been in love with. I don't think this is so. Could you please ask the author and let us know what he says.

Louise and Jane R.
Binghamton, New York

We asked Tom Jones about this, and he said: "We'll never know. Who can tell why a woman cries? Maybe she was the woman old Robbie had loved, or maybe she was just happy to hear her old friend was alive and well. Or perhaps she was sad to think of him living by himself all those years."

Sorry, but that's the best answer we can give you.

—The Editor

We read the article on juggling and we are working on it. My friend is very good and has gotten up to juggling three balls with two hands, but I am not this far yet. When I toss the ball from my right hand and then pass the ball from my left hand to my right hand I keep dropping the first ball before I can get my left hand free. What should I do?

Jim K.
Sarasota, Florida

Practice, practice, practice!

—The Editor

You printed a photograph of Bobby on a one-wheeled bicycle juggling. Does he really juggle? Does he really ride a

one-wheeled bicycle? I saw a bicycle like this in the circus once.

Doretta B.
Detroit, Michigan

Well, Bobby may not be just the greatest juggler in the world, but he really isn't bad at all on a one-wheeled bicycle. (This is really called a unicycle.)

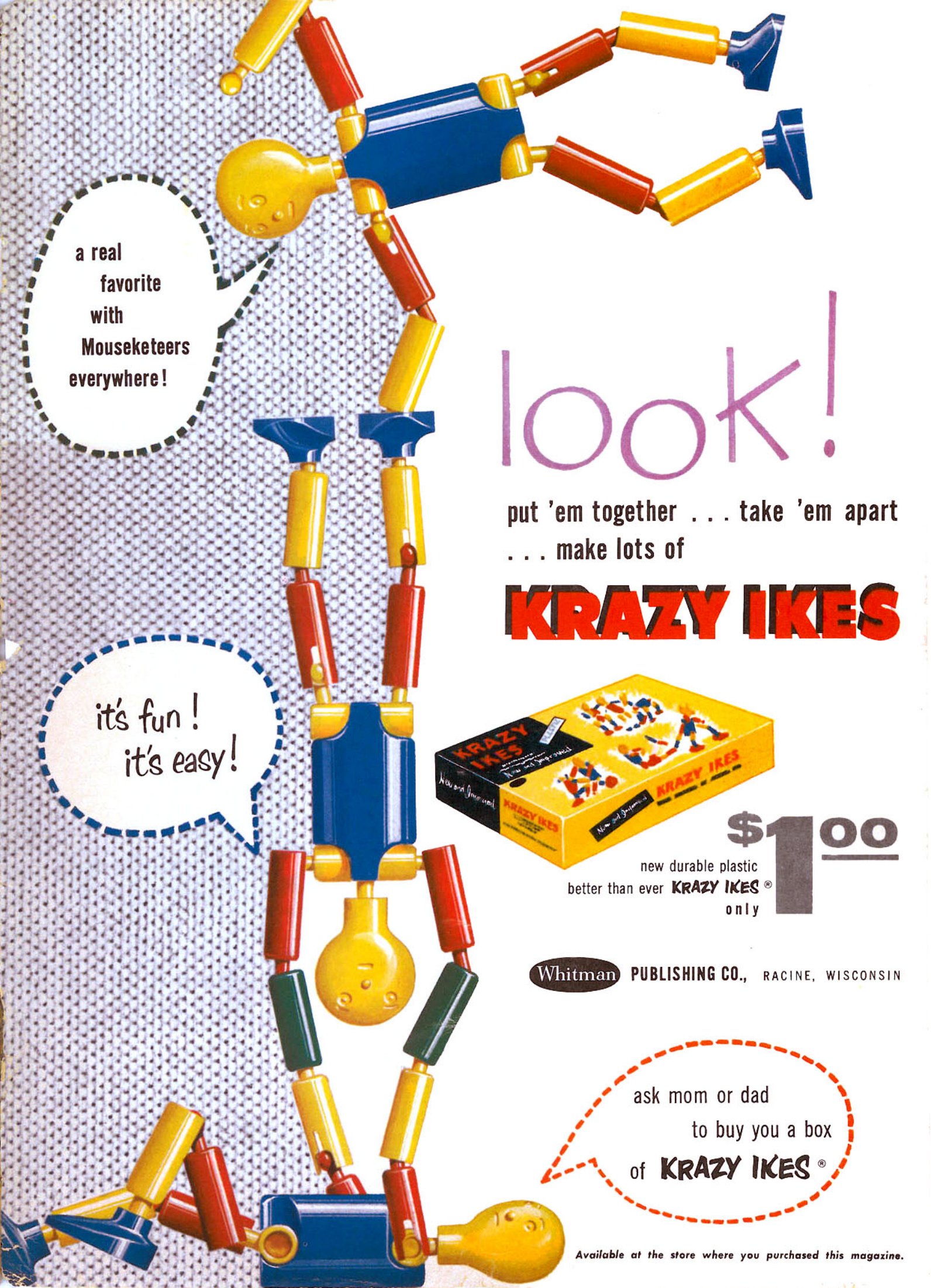
—The Editor



*Jimmie
Dodd
Says...*

There's a proverb that I think of very often: "To begin is the hard part." This is very true. Sometimes we have something we just don't feel like doing. Perhaps we should help Mother with the dishes, or mow the lawn for Dad. Or maybe we should study for an exam that's coming up. If we put off these chores and try playing instead, we can't have fun because we feel a little guilty and lazy. We know that task is waiting for us. That's when we should say "To begin is the hard part." And then pitch right in and begin. And before we know it, we're through with that job and free to have all the fun we want to.

The little word "Hello" is a key that unlocks the door to friendship. Just try it and see. Maybe there's someone you'd like to know. Try saying hello to him the next time you meet. You'll be surprised how pleased it will make him. And you'll probably find out that he's been wanting to know you too, but he just thought you didn't care—till you said "Hello."



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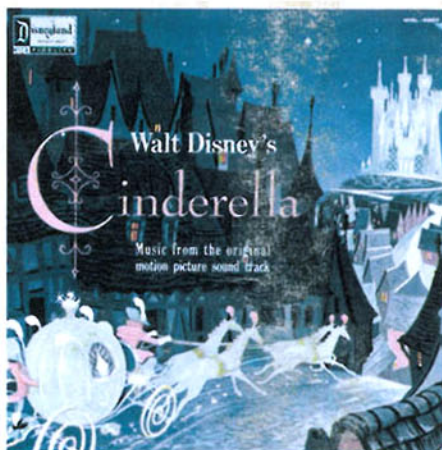
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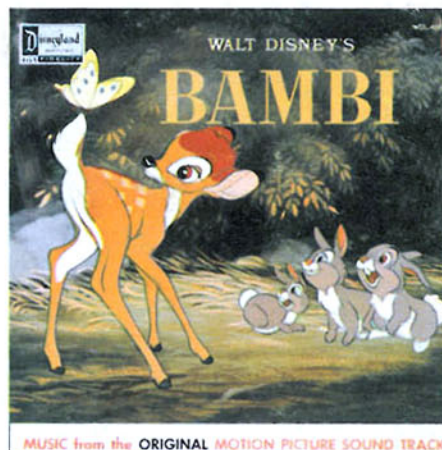
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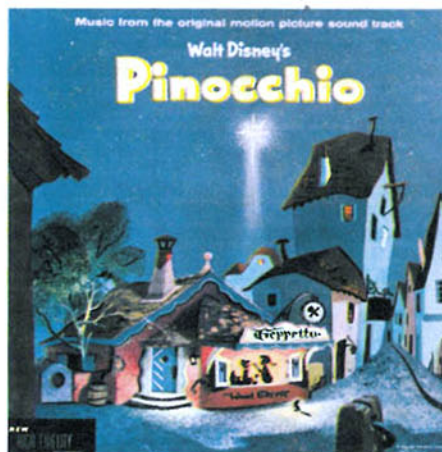


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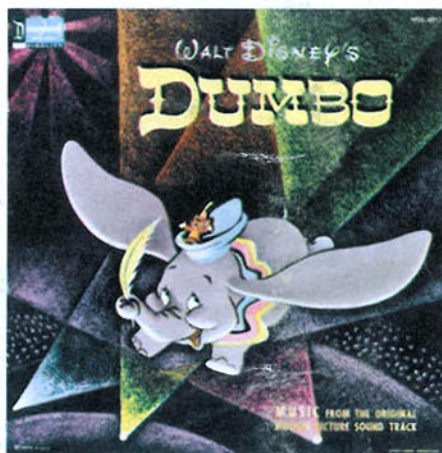


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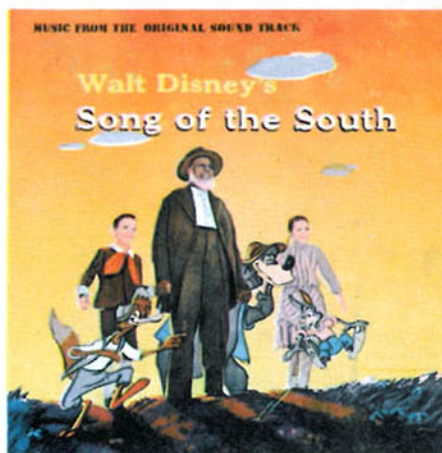
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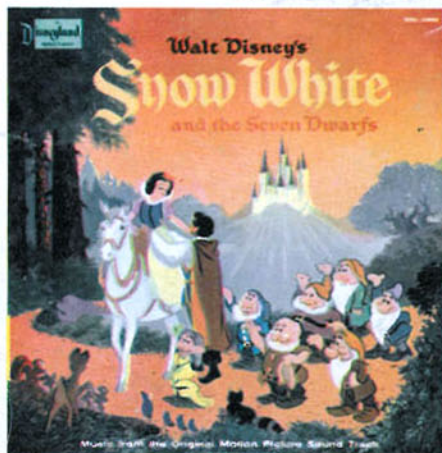


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